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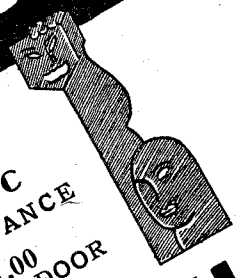

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New Masses

MARCH 5, 1935

SABRE rattling, if we can believe the daily press last week, is by no means restricted to Hitler and Mussolini. Our own President is doing some first-rate rattling himself and has jammed through a defense-program bill that amounts to almost a billion dollars. According to dispatches from Washington, allocations are to be made from the works-relief fund to swell the appropriation for the Army and Navy. Among the plans projected by Roosevelt and his military advisers is to fortify Alaska and Hawaii, the latter being turned into a Gibraltar to maintain our domain over the Pacific. The Navy is being increased by 11,000 men, twenty-four more battleships are to be constructed besides those now under way, the mechanization of the Army is to be modernized with greater speed while the regular Army will be increased by more than 46,000 men. At the present time the enlisted strength of the Army is 118,750 men but Congress evidently believes that this is insufficient, not only to protect us from foreign invaders but also, as one or two Congressmen solemnly announced, to protect us all from the "menace of radicalism within our borders." The enlargement of the Army is the first since the World War and it indicates that President Roosevelt does not fear war half so much as he fears that he won't have the opportunity of being a "War President" and riding up another San Juan Hill like one of his well known relations.

ANOTHER ROUGH RIDER — *Russell T. Limbach*

HITLER'S war diplomats, with the support of Polish fascism, are staying awake nights planning their famous "Drang Nach Osten," which means the carving up of Soviet Ukraine. The recent London proposals which included the pact of Eastern Europe and the Danubian states, as well as the Five-Power Air Convention, gave the Fuehrer deep thought, according to correspondents. His decision was to accept the air proposals and ignore the Eastern agreements which are supported by the Balkan Entente, the Little Entente, Italy and the U.S.S.R. as well as the London signers. The purpose of the Berlin firebrands is to drive a wedge between France and Great Britain, thus attempting to isolate the Soviet Union from European peace-agreements. The London Times approved of Herr Hitler's reply and nothing would please the British imperialists more than the success of German-Polish designs against the Ukraine. But powerful mass sympathy in England and her dominions for the Soviet peace policy puts a crimp in the schemes of Threadneedle Street. Soviet Ambassador Maisky, in a note to Sir John Simon, expressed the opposition of his government to any pacts leaving out the question of Eastern Europe. On February 21 Pravda, supplementing the official note, charged "that the German desire to conclude an air pact separately from the other proposals set forth in the Franco-British offer is a maneuver the purpose of which is to secure for Germany freedom of action in Eastern and Southeastern Europe." The incident shows decisively that the hopes of Europe for peace would prove flimsy indeed were it not for the straightforward, unequivocating stand of Moscow. As the Pravda editorial stated, "the Franco-British request to the Soviet government for an expression of its views is proof that both of said countries understand it is impossible to protect the cause of peace in Europe without the Soviet government."

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THE reaction in the securities and commodities markets to the Supreme Court's decision in the gold-clause case marks a point of departure for an evaluation of "the state of the nation." A decision against the government would have precipitated a disastrous financial panic that might have meant the bankruptcy of debtor corporations, including most governmental agencies, federal as well as state and local. It also seemed that a favorable decision would renew the deplorable state of health of commerce and industry. The New York Times coupled the announcement of the Court's decision with the optimistic headline: "Business Surges Forward, Stocks Rise." The New York Herald Tribune, more modestly, felt that the Court's findings "remove at least one of the many obstacles to recovery. . . ." But such is the low state of the body economic that, whatever the long-run implications of the gold-clause decision, the immediate effects were merely a flash in the speculative market pan. The first day, stocks "soared" and commodity prices made wide advances, but the day following, all speculative prices sank to their previous levels. Only government bonds retained their strength (though under the favorable decision they naturally should have weakened). The Secretary of the Treasury has an "equalization fund" of two billion dollars with which to bolster up the market for government bonds. He will have to do some pretty fancy bolstering though, because new government financing, amounting to about three billion dollars, must be completed within the next three months.

HEARST'S red mania drives him into outright lies. But more "dignified" papers have other means of falsifying news about workers. The following is a story exactly as The New York Times printed it, on February 24:

> A group of striking employes of the National Biscuit Company, headed by Eleanor Mishnun, American Federation of Labor organizer, went to police headquarters yesterday afternoon and complained to Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine that strikebreakers at the company's plant at 14th Street and Ninth Avenue had assaulted strike pickets with crow-bars and other weapons, while police on duty there refused to interfere. . . . Three of the strikers appeared before Magistrate Anna M. Kross in Jefferson Market Court and made charges. . . .

And what was the headline the esteemed newspaper thought "fit to print" over this story? You guessed it: "Strikers Assail Police."

WASHINGTON is snowed under these days by telegrams and letters protesting against the antics of Congress apropos the Works-Relief Bill. Roosevelt's shameful works-wage limit, that must be low enough so as not to "invite and attract persons now in private industry," comes in for denunciation by trade unions and 17,000,000 unemployed. The champions of the jobless lead the fight. The National Unemployment Councils issued an appeal to all labor to demand trade union wages on relief projects. They also telegraphed Wm. Green to inform all A. F. of L. unions of their action and win their support for the fight. The administration has shoved in the "Russell amendment" which purports to give Roosevelt the power to raise work-relief pay above $50 a month in localities where it endangers union rates, but American labor is asking itself when Roosevelt ever used his broad powers to do anything but cut down wages. As we stated in the beginning, the subsistence-wage projects represent the slave-economy toward which the President has been steadily driving since the New Deal hatched its bird in 1933. Not only is relief to mean regimented starvation, but it must become the lever against trade-union standards. No wonder the whole country is aroused. Americans see the abyss that the Brain Trust has long prepared for the majority of them. Senators may tear their hair and shout "rebellion" all night, but nobody believes the Senate wants the "prevailing wage" clause any more than Wall Street does. The bill has been hustled back into the appropriations committee, and delay will follow delay. Already every municipality and county, in a sweat over the thinning of the federal fund, is shaving its welfare allotments to the bone. The White House incumbent evidently is taking riding lessons on that White Horse General Butler told us all about a couple of months ago.

CIVIL liberties in the Soviet Union mean the right of 170 million people to work, without fear of unemployment, for rewards that cannot be measured in wages and salaries—for security of life and health, a share in their own land, and cultural opportunities unequalled anywhere else in the world. But myopic American liberals, weighing against these achievements a few score of White Guards, Hitler agents and confessed assassins, who recently suffered punishment, rush off to Soviet Ambassador Troyanovsky, protesting the "shocking severity" of his government. Their protest, in the name of the International Committee for Political Prisoners, was published last week in The New Republic along with a letter from William Henry Chamberlin and one from Waldo Frank. Some of the signers are only doing what we expect of them, but other names have been associated with the defense of working-class prisoners in America, of Dimitrov, Thaelmann and others abroad. The letter of the liberals states that they "do not desire to give aid and comfort to the reactionary opponents of the Soviet Union," but almost the same week that it was sent to the Soviet Embassy, Secretary Hull broke off trade relations with the Soviet Union and abandoned the Moscow and Leningrad Consulates; the threats of Hitler and Poland to "drive on the East" became louder, while the Japanese armies were invading the Mongolian Peoples' Republic a few score miles from the Soviet frontier. Certainly Messrs. Roger Baldwin, Prof. George S. Counts, John Dewey, Arthur Garfield Hays, Sinclair Lewis, Elmer Rice, to name only a few, gave no "aid and comfort" to the Soviet Union by snarling at it when the hounds of capitalism are snapping at its heels.

MR. WALDO FRANK, dissociating himself from the letter of the Committee, writes one of his own. He declares movingly his understanding "that the cause of Communism in the Soviet Union requires constant vigilance against counter-revolutionary forces internal and external"; he does not, he admits "arrogate" to himself "the capacity to judge the rightness of all the Soviet Union's protective measures"; he is "reluctant to sit in judgment on Moscow's political decisions." Nevertheless, the mantle of judgment descends upon him. Opposed to the liberals in his "entire loyalty to the Soviet Union," opposed to the Soviets in that he "deplores" the executions, Mr. Frank is perhaps opposed to his own realistic common sense (which has caused him on other occasions to act with revolutionary clarity). This splitting hairs and splitting loyalties is less understandable than the outright hatred of the Soviets expressed by William Henry

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Chamberlin, whose twelve years as foreign correspondent for The Christian Science Monitor only helped to make him dumber and dumber.

ON THE literary front the war against the Soviet Union is in full swing. Tchernavina's husband, whose solemn nit-wit face adorns the book-ad columns, heads the White Guard contingent and Eugene Lyons leads the American corps of the Foreign Legion. They scatter paper famines, plagues and annihilation. Add their horrors together and we would find that the 170,000,000 inhabitants of the U.S.S.R. must have been wiped out several times over and no one can be alive there except a few foreign consuls and military attaches. Let us examine, in refreshing contrast, the simple expression of a peasant of Central Asia, Kar-Molli, a 70-year-old Turkoman poet:

No clouds! In a clear sky I see
The sun. No night to dim bright day.
No czar. Our soil's forever free!
Well done, O Bolshevik!

You crushed the Khans, you did not spare
The age-long foe of tribes oppressed.
The victory the poor will share.
Well done, O Bolshevik.

Of all I've heard and seen I sing,
For now my blind eyes see anew . . .
I see, I feel, the joy you bring—
Well done, O Bolshevik!

SYMBOLIC events seem to be taking place around old City Hall Park in Manhattan, which has listened so often to the electoral boasts of the Hylans, Walkers, La Guardias and other clowns who have graced the Gotham mayoralty. Last week the marble fat boy, "Civic Virtue," trampling on the bodies of a pair of nude women, was condemned to exile from the park. Alderman Peter McGuiness, a "fat boy" from Brooklyn who made good, will drag him away free gratis to adorn a park in Greenpoint. No sooner had it been announced that the MacMonnies masterpiece was to be kidnaped from the spot where it has been arousing protest for thirteen years, than "Civic Fame," described as "the twenty-foot lady" on top of the Municipal Building, dropped her right forearm and her metal shield eight stories to the roof of the building's restaurant. We presume the astrologers would say this means that with "Civic Virtue" departed forever from the administration's stronghold, "Civic Fame" will be undefended against any shafts of satire directed at her. With "Civic Fame" falling apart and "Civic Virtue" being removed across the river, we respectfully submit the suggestion to Mayor La Guardia that he pose for a statue depicting himself picking a sales tax out of a workingman's pocket.

THE hundred Vassar girls who descended on Albany in busses the other day, did not come to town to put on just one more college operetta. They had serious business on hand, as all students have these days. They came to add their protest against the proposed Nunan Bill, which is part of the machinery to flatten out every remaining vestige of civil liberties left in the colleges. The bill makes it compulsory for students in all schools receiving state funds almost literally to stand up and salute the flag. They must take an oath of allegiance, or else their books will be taken from them. The specific purpose of the bill is obvious: students belonging to the National Student League and the Student League for Industrial Democracy will be weeded out and expelled on the pretext that they are members of organizations disloyal to the institutions of the city, county and state. The bill serves the same purpose as the Ives Bill which makes an oath of loyalty a prerequisite for pedagogy. Hearst's New York American confesses, editorially, that it sees no reason why every citizen should not be compelled to take a similar pledge. The Nunan Bill is a part of the nation-wide legislative offensive to outlaw radical and progressive organizations of every description. The Vassar students are only the first of many similar delegations that will travel to Albany and give the senators and assemblymen an earful. Petitions and mass meetings are being prepared throughout the state. The usually conservative National Student Federation has pitched in with the N.S.L. and the Student League to combat the bill.

NOT only are students taking vigorous action against repressive legislation, but they are planning an unusual offensive against war and fascism. Plans for an anti-war strike that will enroll many times more than the 25,000 students who came out of their classes last April, have now entered the organizational stage. The date of the strike has been fixed for April 12. At eleven o'clock sharp, students in every high school and college in the country will be asked to remember the entrance of the United States into the last world war by protesting against the imminent danger of a new world war. The committee of organizations sponsoring the strike now includes the American Youth Congress, the Student League for Industrial Democracy, the National Student League and the Na-

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WILLIAM BROWDER, *Business Manager.* ALLAN TAUB, *Mid-Western Representative.*

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tional Council of Methodist Youth. The central slogan of the strike, "Strike Against Imperialist War," indicates the direction of the student anti-war movement. The strike will hit hard at every reactionary force on the American campus: at every fascist measure and group. A petition demanding the abolition of the Reserve Officers Training Corps will be circulated throughout the country, and presented to the President on the day of the strike. The student anti-war strike on April 12 will be the most determined show of strength of anti-war and anti-fascist forces yet seen on the American campus.

HIGGY, Spinach, Hinkus and Fat were replaced the other day by four professional "scab guardians" to escort the few strikebreakers working on The Newark Ledger to and from their strikebreaking labors. The former four weren't tough enough to suit owner S. T. Russell. Part of their functions, however, seem to have been taken over by the police and the strikebreakers. Joe Donovan, strike-breaking sports editor of the paper, led gang tactics in beating up John Wilson, striking reporter. Flanked by guards, Donovan attacked Wilson the other night on the street. He hit him from the side, then bent him backwards over a police motorcycle by sheer force of weight—Wilson weighs 110 pounds, Donovan 170 — and took more swings at him while police obligingly held Wilson's arms. The strike of the editorial workers of The Newark Ledger was three months' old on February 17. But despite attacks by gangsters and police, the ranks of the strikers remain firm and the spirit of the striking newspapermen and women remains high. Last Sunday, 100 pickets took part in a movement to boycott The Sunday Ledger. Although the two new trustees appointed to take charge of The Ledger refused at a conference to meet the strikers' fundamental demands, the strikers feel certain of victory. The paper comes out in 28 pages instead of 32 to 44 and carries little advertising. Newspapermen, whether members of the Newspaper Guild or not, should support these staunch strikers to the utmost to assure this final victory.

WHEN a few days ago before a session of the Japanese Diet, War Minister Hayashi declared that "the army has no intention of stopping in Manchukuo," he again echoed the Tanaka program of the Tokyo militarists. "Manchuria and Mongolia are to be the Belgiums of the Far East. . . . Sooner or later we shall fight here against Soviet Russia." Manchuria, Jehol and Chahar province in Inner Mongolia have been successfully invaded by Japanese military forces. The Outer Mongolian People's Republic is the next victim. On the pretext of a boundary dispute, a Japanese and Manchukuon force invaded the Bor Nor district, a lake district in northeastern Mongolia. A serious clash was avoided only because, like the Soviet Union, the Mongolian People's Republic stands first and foremost for peace—peace in which to further its own progress toward a non-capitalist development. Bor Nor is unquestionably a step nearer to an attack against the Soviet Union. Japan cannot turn back, but four hundred millions of Chinese people will not be enslaved. The continued mutinies of Manchurian soldiers against their Japanese officers and the growing strength of the Manchurian anti-Japanese Volunteers already threaten Japan's rule in Manchuria.

JUDGE SALVATORE COTILLO of the New York Supreme Court ruled on Feb. 25, 1935 that salesclerks and white collar workers have in effect no economic rights; they cannot unionize or picket; they must submit humbly to the boss who will hire and fire them, in the words of the Bronx Daniel, according to their "personality, appearance, charm, distinction, ambition and imagination." This ruling is aimed at dividing the exploited majority of the country "into two classes, in the first of which fall industries of the first [manual] classification and in the second of which a personal equation would enter." Cotillo's ruling, paid for by the rich merchants, is aimed to restrain the Retail Cloak, Suit, Dress and Fur Salespeoples' Union from picketing R. A. Freed, Inc., retail department store in the Bronx. It is aimed, of course, at the wave of retail store strikes in many cities—Ohrbach's and Klein's in New York City; the Boston Store, Milwaukee, and grocery chains all over the country. It is the direct expression of the fear of owners of much larger department stores, employing armies of underpaid men and women, that their workers will join the spreading revolt of the white-collar masses. An army of 10,000 workers are associated with the Retail Clerks Protective Association, an A. F. of L. union, and this ruling will be a signal to millions of low-salaried office workers to enlist in the fight for their economic existence.

The One Busy Industry

THERE is one American industry that is holding up nobly while the rest of American economy totters—that is the Washington manufactory of anti-labor and pro-monopoly legislation. This past week the legislative factory stormed on at top speed. Big Boss President Roosevelt rolled up his sleeves and stepped the rate of the production belt up a few notches. His latest product is the draft of a new N.R.A. It calls for two years more of the Blue Eagle.

The new New Deal is to be anti-monopoly. It is to hasten the brotherhood of the hired man and the employing man. Among many other declarations that must have startled millions of Americans was the one claiming that four million workingmen have marched back to work with full lunch-kits under arm.

A moment's recapitulation of the results of the New Deal might be in order. We know the following facts as well as F.D.R. himself knows them:

Profits of the biggest corporations jumped up by 70 percent the first nine months of 1934 alone.

The Thompson - Darrow report proved the New Deal invaluable to the extension of monopoly.

Unemployment grew to seventeen millions these past two years.

The cost of living increased by more than 14 percent since 1933.

The real wage of the American working population was reduced by 3.2 percent in the same period.

Fifty-one workers were shot down and killed in strikes the past twelve months.

War appropriations have increased by one billion.

These facts are on the record in every-day English for anybody to read. When Roosevelt comes forward with a

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proposition for two more years of the N.R.A. America can be certain of this: the New Deal will not suddenly precipitate tilting between the robber barons and Washington. It will not put teeth into Section 7a which has propelled company unionism to the forefront of the American labor scene. It will not aid either the small merchant to meet his bills on the first of the month, nor will it help his customer, the workingman, to buy the necessities to fill the larder.

Another brand-new product of the legislative mill was the draft of Senator Wagner's "Labor Disputes Bill," which threw William Green into raptures. "You cannot enforce Section 7a now," President Green burbled at a mass meeting of auto workers in Detroit, "but you will be able to under Senator Wagner's bill." The head of the A.F. of L. decried the Automobile Labor Board which, he said, "frustrated rather than furthered collective bargaining." He failed, however, to mention that he had originally endorsed it. He now proposes a brilliant solution. A bigger and better labor board—as provided for in Wagner's bill. And the Wagner Bill? The Senator who distinguished himself this past year by plain and fancy strike-breaking through arbitration, as the silk and dye workers at Paterson can testify, described his newest effort in these promising terms: "Far from suggesting a change, it merely preserves the status quo." He pointed out hastily to calm the possible fears of certain balky industrialists, "nothing in the measure discourages employes from uniting on an independent or company-union basis. It does not even state that Congress favors the policy of the closed shop."

His bill, moreover, provides for an all-powerful National Labor Board with a few new wrinkles to win the approval of skeptical workingmen. One is a clause "allowing" representation on the Board "of unions on the basis of majority rule." Needless to say these men would be respectables of Bill Green's type. The bill lays a basis for compulsory arbitration. It would result ultimately in outlawing all strikes. Its purpose is to usurp the function of the armed strike-breakers — to do the job around a shiny arbitration table. This Labor Board, "an independent agency," would have its three $10,000-a-year members appointed by President Roosevelt who is canny enough when it comes to picking his "impartial" arbitrators.

Nothing shows the color of Green's politics as his endorsement of such phoney measures. Labor's doughty champion does not spare himself in the fight of capital versus labor—in espousing any measure designed to befuddle his followers. He will cry arbitration until his dying day although he knows full well there can be no arbitration between a holdup man and his victim. The only explanation for his actions can be that he shares a fair portion of the swag.

Fascism Moves on Africa

ATLANTIC liners that were once the playships of rich tourists, now converted into transports, have been loading up all week at Messina and Naples with youngsters in the field-green shoddy of the Italian Army, bound for the Abyssinian border of Somaliland. The fascist government is good enough to give these boys 15 cents a day to die on the hot sands of Africa Thousands of reservists in Italy received the curt mobilization orders from Rome to prepare for service. Balbo's bombing planes darkened the Mediterranean sky on their way southward; 5,000 doctors were requisitioned for African duty; hulls full of war materials and shiploads of skilled mechanics and workers continued to leave the great ports of the Boot. By early March, 35,000 men will have been concentrated around Azmara in the highlands of Italian Eritrea.

Hurried meetings of the Grand War Council, which listens to the Duce's monologues and votes "yes," had declared Abyssinia guilty of two "aggressions" (on her own soil). Like Mongolia, she must apologize, pay an indemnity, salute the flag of the invading army and make territorial concessions. Meantime, according to dispatches, the people of Italy were "dazed and puzzled." Their censored press told them nothing for weeks. They heard only rumors from neighbors who had been mobilized. To the rest of the world Mussolini howled out the threat that he would send an army of 250,000 men to Somaliland for a two-year campaign of conquest against Emperor Selassie, at a cost of one billion dollars.

In spite of the familiar sabre-rattling, the Abyssinian question cannot be simplified into a conquest of the ancient Christian Ethiopian Republic by Italy alone. Rome did not dare to make a move without consulting its rival imperialisms in France and England. Vital to England is the control of Lake Tsana in Abyssinia, where the Blue Nile rises. France is jealous of her trade rights and wants to protect her railway from Addis Ababa to her port Djibuti.

The position of the natives of Abyssinia and the border tribes is a choice between the rather loose feudal rule of the Emperor and a certainty of exploitation by foreigners in forced labor such as exists on the huge sugar and cotton concessions of the late Duke of Abruzzi at Webi Shebeli. Italy has been unlucky with her colonial adventures in Cyrenaica and Tripoli, where she has sunk large sums of money. Her eye is on the northern plateau of Abyssinia with its rich minerals, perfect climate and regular rainfall, to pay back her African losses with interest. The Italian masses have hated the imperialist government's colonial policy ever since 1885, when the powers allowed her to seize Massowa on the Red Sea. After the terrible defeat at Adowa, inflicted by Menelik on the army of General Barateri, the Roman populace drove Premier Crispi from the city. They remembered the thousands of prisoners sent home castrated according to the Ethiopian custom. For a time Italy sought no more colonial expansion. However, since 1910, when she annexed Tripoli, a steady drive of conquest has been going on with the approval of England and France.

Abyssinia declares she is willing to negotiate a "neutral" zone, but the war-mad Duce drives on. Many months will be required to transport sufficient troops to Somaliland. It is noteworthy that both France and England have supported the demands of the Roman Grand Council, and it is well known that secret treaties exist which encourage Italian ambitions. As Birchall cynically writes, the partition of Abyssinia "ultimately is certain" and the fascist peninsula government is to act as spearhead against the last African independency with the powers behind her. The new factor involved is the increasing economic domination of Japan on the west coast of Africa. The snarl of these rival interests makes Abyssinia one of the hottest spots of world war danger.

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JOHN STRACHEY

MINNEAPOLIS.

WHEN an Englishman crosses the border of the state of Minnesota, he encounters a political scene far more familiar to him than anything else to be met with in the United States. In Minnesota, almost uniquely, there exists a mass working-class party of a reformist character. Such parties exist, no doubt, in certain other states, particularly the neighboring states of the Northwest; but nowhere else have they reached the considerable degree of political maturity which has been attained by the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota. I am aware of the large measure of power now enjoyed by the Progressives in Wisconsin, but it does not seem possible to describe the Wisconsin Progressives as even a reformist working-class party.

The parallel between the Minnesota situation and the British situation is striking. Naturally, the Farmer-Labor Party is by no means so mature or developed an organization as is the British Labor Party. The Farmer-Labor Party is not yet a fully developed reformist, social-democratic party, but, unless I am much mistaken, it is well on the way to becoming one.

The Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party today reminds me a good deal of the British Labor Party as I first knew it directly after the War. There is the same burning enthusiasm in the rank and file, which contains some of the finest workers and farmers of the state. There is the same unshaken belief on the part of the rank and file that the party has only to win a few more elections, in order to be able to carry through a process of complete socialization. There is the same party program which calls for the establishment of socialism, and which thus reassures the genuinely socialist rank and file that their party is not out for mere reforms, but genuinely intends to abolish the existing system. And above all, there is the same astonishing gap between the leaders and the rank and file, between their respective interpretations of the party program, between their whole mood and purpose.

I spent a somewhat busy week in Minnesota delivering several addresses to predominantly middle-class audiences in Minneapolis and St. Paul, traveling down to Duluth to lecture at a meeting admirably organized by the local branch of the American League Against War and Fascism, addressing the students of the University of Minnesota at their convocation, and finally attending and addressing the Northwestern Youth Congress. In the course of these activities I became involved in a brisk controversy with the professors of economics of the University of Minnesota, a controversy which, when I left, was still reverberating in the campus newspaper. I also had a public controversy with, and a most entertaining evening in the company of Governor Olson. Governor Olson attended a dinner of the Foreign Policy Association of St. Paul, at which I was one of three speakers. Governor Olson, as he humorously complained, had the unfamiliar experience of listening to criticism of the policy of his party without having the opportunity of replying. Accordingly, when some days later he came to address the Northwestern Youth Congress, and spied me in the audience, he had his revenge. He delivered his address *to* the Youth Congress, but *at* me.

It was, for me, an interesting experience to listen to that speech. If I had closed my eyes, I could have imagined myself back in England, listening to one more of those innumerable speeches which I used to hear Mr. MacDonald deliver, or such as Mr. Arthur Greenwood or Mr. Morrison are still delivering.

Governor Olson is, evidently, a thoroughly capable politician. Both in his speech and in private conversation, he showed a shrewd grasp of the day-to-day run of political events. In his speech at the Youth Congress, while affirming that the Farmer-Labor Party was anti-capitalistic, he denied that it stood for the nationalization of either the land or of industrial means of production. So far as I could make out, he claimed that its anti-capitalist program consisted entirely in fostering the movement for consumers' cooperation. Later on in his speech, however, a recollection of the text of his party's program may have come into his mind, for he then affirmed that the Farmer-Labor Party was in favor of the nationalization of key industries such as public utilities; nor did he make any attempt to reconcile these two statements.

There is nothing particularly strange or tragic in this kind of speech from a labor leader. Indeed, these vaguely contradictory declarations necessarily form the stock-in-trade of all reformist labor leaders. I can believe that, among reformist labor leaders, Governor Olson is no worse than the rest, and certainly, he is much better fun to talk to than most. But it *is* tragic to think that thousands of splendid Minnesota workers and farmers (to say nothing of the amiable young gentlemen in New York who edit Common Sense), pin their faith on Governor Olson and his fellow politicians, as their champions against capitalism.

My visit to Minnesota made me quite certain of one thing at any rate: that Governor Olson has no more intention or desire to abolish the capitalist system than he has to fly to the moon. Indeed, to do Governor Olson justice, he makes no pretense of having any such intention. In an article which Governor Olson contributed to the Minneapolis evening newspaper on the same day on which he addressed the Youth Congress, he made the following comments on the subject of my speech:

> The significant thing to me was that he devoted most of his attack to the Farmer-Labor program. In so doing he pursued the tactics of all Communists, because the Communist movement regards political movements such as the Farmer-Labor movement as the greatest obstacles to the attainment of the success of their endeavors. They believe that capitalism, whether succeeded by fascism or not, can be overthrown, either peacefully or by violence. But they realize that their most vigorous foes and the foes they will be obliged to finally struggle with, are political movements such as the Farmer-Labor political movement.

Nothing could be more explicit than that. As Governor Olson writes, "Communists believe that capitalism can be overthrown. . . that is the object of their endeavors." And Governor Olson declares explicitly that he intends to make the Farmer-Labor movement "the greatest obstacle to the attainment of the success of their endeavors." In other words, Governor Olson sees the Farmer-Labor movement as the main buttress of the capitalist system. He sees it, that is to say, performing precisely the opposite function to that which its rank and file desire it to perform. As if to underline this conclusion, Governor Olson continues his article as follows:

"I have constantly endeavored to impress upon the people of Minnesota that there is nothing in common between the Communists and the Farmer-Laborites. My contentions were proven by the statements Wednesday night, of Mr. Strachey."

These declarations of Governor Olson's are, of course, intended to impress, not the people of Minnesota, but the capitalists of Minnesota; and judged by what contacts I had with capitalists in that state, they are succeeding admirably in their object. It is true that the older and less wide-awake capitalists still regard Governor Olson as a menace; but none of the younger and brighter capitalists of Minnesota labor under any such misunderstanding. They speak in the friend-

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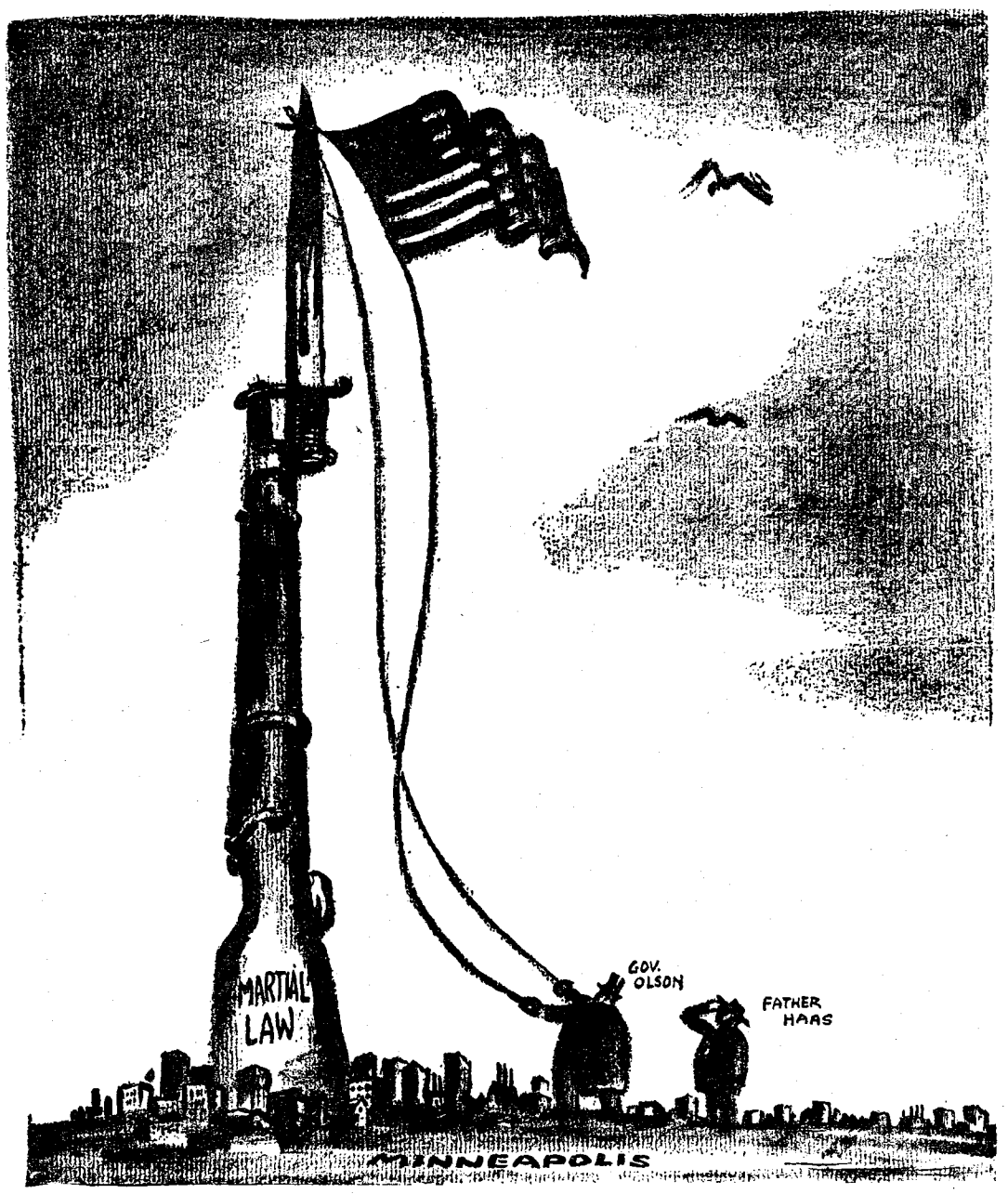
liest terms of the Governor and, indeed, understand him very well.

What should be the attitude of Minnesota Communists to this declaration of war on them from the leader of the Farmer-Labor Party? As I endeavored to point out to the Northwestern Youth Congress, no Communist can ever accept Governor Olson's statement that there is nothing in common between the Communists and the rank and file of the Farmer-Labor Party. On the contrary, we know that the rank and file of that party has precisely the same object in view that we have; namely, the abolition of capitalism and the building up of a new social order, founded upon the public ownership of the means of production and their operation for use instead of for profit. We know further that the rank and file of the Farmer-Labor Party sincerely believes that it is taking the right road for the achievement of our common goal. Hence we can never regard them as our enemies, however much their present leaders urge them to regard us with enmity. On the contrary, we can never, and shall never, regard them as anything but co-workers in the same great cause; but co-workers with whom we must thrash out a vitally important difference of opinion as to how our common purpose can be accomplished.

It was with a view to beginning this discussion with our Farmer-Labor comrades that I ventured to lay before the Northwestern Youth Congress our British experience of what happens to a mass, working-class reformist party when it finally achieves a large measure of political success. Incidentally, I was profoundly impressed by that Youth Congress—by the splendid militant delegates which attended it from many of the Northwestern states, especially, perhaps, from the Dakotas.



From "HUNGER AND REVOLT" *by Jacob Burck*

In discussions in Minnesota and elsewhere, as to the right road for the American working class, one particular issue appears to me to emerge continually. Advocates of the reformist path constantly urge that adoption of the Communist position will prevent "success."

They point out the tremendous propaganda barrage which the capitalist press directs upon anything even associated with Communism. They feel that such an association is fatal to "success." Now, if by "success" they mean a quick collection of a large number of votes at elections and the consequent election to office in the near future of their party's candidates, they are no doubt correct. It is quite true that a reformist, working-class party which refuses to have any association with the Communist Party can achieve, by avoiding all difficult and unpleasant issues, a very rapid political growth —as did, for example, the British Labor Party. If this is what they mean by "success," then no doubt this is the right way to go about achieving it.

But there is another meaning to the word "success." When we speak of the "success" of the working-class movement, we may mean something more than the election to office of a large number of its candidates, or even the winning of majorities in legislatures. We may mean the achievement of such a movement's avowed purpose; that is to say, the abolition of capitalism, as the only way of relieving the intolerable conditions of the workers and farmers. If this is what we mean by "success," then all experience shows that the refusal to form a united working-class party with the Communists is the one thing which can prevent "success." It is quite true that a united labor party, including the Communists, such as the Communist Party of America has recently called for, would be likely, in view of the tremendous capitalist opposition which it would encounter from the outset, to grow more slowly than would an orthodox, social-democratic party, established on the model of the British Labor Party, or the German Social-Democratic Party. And for those labor politicians for whom the old slogan of "get-rich-quick" has been succeeded by the new slogan of "get-office-quick," this is, no doubt, a fatal objection.

But, surely, the American workers and farmers will see that an exclusive social-democratic party, however rapidly it may acquire votes and office, will never do anything worth doing for them. All experience proves that working-class parties which exclude revolutionary or militant individuals and groups bring disaster to the working-class cause, however rapidly their vote may grow, for they split the workers' ranks irretrievably, and this is the one thing which can prevent "success" in the real sense of that term. The apparently slower method of building up a real labor party, including all the militant elements in the American working class, is in effect incomparably the swifter method of securing the victory of the working-class cause. It is true that such a movement will encounter the most passionate opposition from the capitalist class; but such opposition is itself the proof that only such a movement can truly serve the purposes of the working class.

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I Handed Out Relief

TOM JOHNSON

I WAS an investigator for the Emergency Home Relief Bureau for two months. Then I quit. I couldn't stomach it any longer. And here are the reasons why.

New York boasts of one of the highest relief scales in the country It amounts to this: Food allowances covering a two-week period range from $3.50 for an adult male to $2.00 for a child of six—but this $2.00 must provide the child with everything it needs in the way of food for two weeks. Can you picture what a one-dollar-a-week diet does to a growing child in New York City? I have seen what it does and it's not a pleasant sight.

Rents paid by the Bureau run from a low of $4.70 every two weeks for a family of two, up to a high of $8.10 for a family of nine or more. These figures are for unheated, unfurnished apartments. In heated apartments the allowance is from $1.10 to a $1.70 higher. If the family owns no furniture it is in even a worse state. The allowance for a couple living in an unheated furnished room is $2.60 per week. Where such rooms are to be found in New York the Bureau does not state.

In addition to these fundamental items our family will receive 60 cents for electricity and 70 cents for gas (in unfurnished apartments) and, if the apartment is unheated, a $2.00 coal ticket every two weeks during the winter months. Even this is not all. The poor must be well scrubbed; therefore the Bureau grants to each one of those whom it chooses to call its "clients" the sum of one nickel each week —for soap. Tooth paste, tobacco, papers, carfare, etc., are not, of course, "necessities."

As for clothing, this item seems to be regarded as more or less of a luxury by the E.H.R.B. and no provision is made for it in the budget. But once in a blue moon an appropriation for clothing does come through. Not enough, to be sure, to provide a pair of shoes or a coat to every child who runs shivering to school without one, but enough for a noble gesture. One such appropriation, and one only, has been allotted to my borough in the past four months. Each investigator was allowed to select the fifteen neediest cases from his case load of from eighty to 130 families, and to distribute to these, fifteen clothing orders for not more than $10 each.

Most unfortunate of all is the poor devil out on the fringe of the city who owns his own home. Take the Constanzis, for instance, whom I "investigated" last week. Mr. Constanzi is a short and stocky Italian in his late fifties, his body warped and twisted by a lifetime of heavy work. For nineteen years he worked as a laborer for the Tidewater Oil Company, but they laid him off four years ago—too old they said. He and his wife had a few dollars put by and they cashed in Mr. Constanzi's insurance for $106—about one-third of what he had paid in on the policy—and managed somehow to squeeze through the first year of unemployment. Since then Mr. Constanzi has been on work relief, twelve days' work a month—if it doesn't rain or snow—at $4.00 a day.

Even though it was hard going they still felt better off than their neighbors, for didn't they own their own home? Mr. Constanzi himself had built it twenty-one years ago. "Ah!" he told me, "plenty strong them days. Work all day for company. Come home and work on house until too dark to see. Sometimes my wife hold lantern and still I work!" Of course he had put a mortgage on the place, and before the house was finished he owed the bank $2,300. The three children died one by one and there was the matter of their funerals. And then the taxes and water bills, $124 a year right there, to say nothing of special assessments when the sewers, and later the sidewalk and curbing, came through. So, try as they would, it was all husband and wife could do to pay the interest on the mortgage, to say nothing of a bit now and then on the principal. For twenty-one years they have been paying on the mortgage, $138 every single year. The bank has received the total value of the mortgage and an additional $500 in interest payments alone in the course of those twenty-one years, but still that debt of $2,300 hangs over their home—it has not been reduced a nickel.

Now they are two years behind in taxes and one year behind in their interest payments and the bank is threatening to foreclose if they fail to meet the quarterly payment in April. They went to the Home Owners Loan Corporation last summer and, of course, they were refused a loan because they had no income aside from work relief and, therefore, no possibility of paying it off. I saw the letter Mrs. Constanzi wrote to the President himself when they got this news. It was signed, "Your humble subject." I saw, too, the official reply enclosing her original letter and referring them back to the same local agency of the H.O.L.C. which had already rejected their application.

And now I had come to tell Mr. Constanzi that he was laid off from work relief. Three months before, a general order had come through the central office stating that for reasons of economy all single men and heads of families with less than two dependents were to be dismissed from work relief and transferred, where absolutely necessary, to home relief.

Forty-eight dollars a month isn't much, but by skimping right and left they had been able to live after a fashion and even make some payments on the mortgage. At least they had the hope of saving a home they had toiled a lifetime to maintain. How would it be on home relief? Mr. Constanzi looked up at me hopefully. He knew that his neighbors on the relief got rent money every month; surely he would get rent money also and apply it on his interest payments. There was no use beating around the bush. I had to tell him the truth; that the Home Relief Bureau will not allow a home owner a single penny for mortgage payments even though his home is to be foreclosed tomorrow for lack of a few dollars to make a payment.

They sat there silently and at first I thought they didn't understand. Then I looked at Mrs. Constanzi and I knew they did. She didn't move or change expression but slowly her soft eyes filled with tears. I stood up quickly and motioned Constanzi to come with me outside. As the door closed behind us I heard the first sob from the woman by the table. I tried to stammer out some words to him there on the porch but I could see he wasn't listening.

"So, they take my job and they take my home," he said real low. He flung out his hands in a hopeless gesture and raised his face to mine; the face of a broken man. "It's finish. I care nothing what happen now. Let Relief take the house. I sign it over to them, maybe then they take care of Maria and me. I don't care no more."

But the dollars and cents figures of what a "client" receives do not tell the whole story. Before he may receive anything he first has to get on the relief rolls, and this is far from the easy job it might appear. Walk into any precinct office between the hours of nine and five and you'll see a long line of anxious-faced men and women strung out along the wall waiting for their turn at the receptionist's desk. Usually you'll find the line doubled back on itself two or three times like a coiled snake, for the E.H.R.B. offices are invariably crammed and overcrowded as well as understaffed. It is two o'clock now and many of these people have been in line since ten this morning, and more than one of them is weak from lack of food.

But all things end and at last our prospective client reaches the receptionist's desk and the welcome chair beside it. The receptionist is overworked and tired; she fires the questions at him rapidly. Name, address, number in family and their ages, when and where last employed and salary earned, receiving aid from any other charity, insurance carried, property, relatives with means, and so on down the line. The bewildered client answers as best he can and if it finally appears that he is absolutely without any means of support he is handed a four-page application blank.

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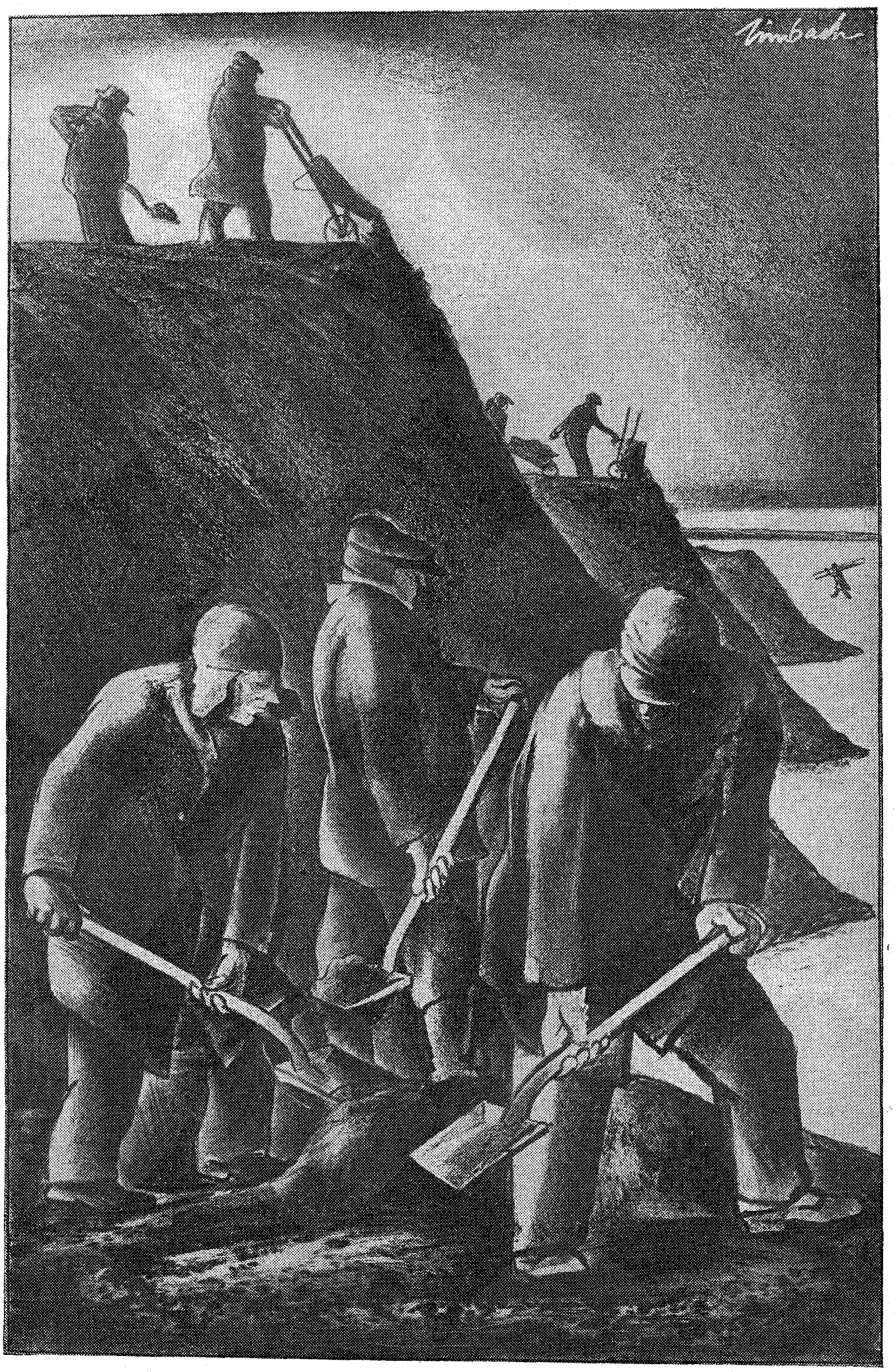

RELIEF WORKERS

Russell T. Limbach

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Back he comes next day with his filled-out application and hands it in. Then begins a period of nervous waiting. For days he dare not leave the house, for should the investigator call and find him out his application may be rejected and he must go through the whole business again. Perhaps he waits a week and perhaps he waits two weeks and every hour of waiting soon becomes an hour of torture. At last, when he has given up all hope, the investigator comes.

Then begins an inquisition compared to which the interview with the receptionist was nothing. The investigator must fill from four to five pages with the history of this family —most of it a duplication of what is already on the application—but no matter, he must ask the same questions and write down the same answers once more if he wants to hold his job. He must include such pertinent information as the maiden name of the client's wife, the date and place of their marriage and the birthplace of the parents of both husband and wife. He must have the name, address, employment and probable income of every relative on both sides of the family. He must have a record of the client's employment for the past five or six years (if any) and must know why he quit or was fired from each job; his union, fraternal, and church affiliations. And, if the investigator has learned well the philosophy that guides the Bureau as a whole, he will look on each client as a tricky customer at best, who undoubtedly has assets concealed about him somewhere or some deep and guileful plan for cheating the E.H.R.B. Therefore he will watch with a hawk's eye for the smallest discrepancy in the story and will demand to see every member of the family, from the baby to the oldest son, to assure himself that there has been no padding of the number of mouths to feed. All this because the investigator knows full well that his value to the Bureau (and hence the continuance of his job and his prospects of advancement) are judged above all by the number of cases he can close.

In view of Mr. Corsi's recent public statement that the relief budget is designed to provide only a bare subsistence level of living, one would think that the Bureau would be only too happy to see its clients supplement their meager dole with what few odd jobs they might possibly pick up. In theory the clients are encouraged to take a day's work whenever they are lucky enough to find one.

A typical example: A Mr. S——, a dress cutter by trade and long a client of the Bureau, informed his investigator shortly before Christmas that he had an opportunity to get a week's work during the holiday rush in a shop where he had formerly worked. Mr. S——, being an honest man, wanted to take this job and thus relieve the E.H.R.B. of the burden of his support while it lasted and for a couple of weeks thereafter; providing, of course, that he could return to the relief rolls without difficulty two weeks after the job ended. The investigator assured him there would be no difficulty about this and Mr. S—— took the job. He earned $19 for his week's work. That kept his family going for the next two weeks, after which he confidently expected his relief would be resumed. But three weeks passed and still the investigator did not appear.

When their last penny was gone and their diet reduced to potatoes and bread Mr. S—— went down to the precinct office to make inquiries and after several days of being shunted from one person to another he found that his case had been closed. Reason: "Has found employment." And once a case is marked "closed" nothing in God's world can open it again but another application and another complete investigation. Therefore Mr. S—— once more had to wade through the whole long rigamarole of filling out an application, waiting day after day for an investigator and all the rest of it. Seven weeks later he was at last returned to the relief rolls. I dare say it will be some time before he accepts another temporary job.

There is one other aspect of the supplementing of relief income that is worth mentioning. Clients on work relief jobs earn $48 a month. With a family of five, let us say, this is somewhat below even the standards set by the home relief budget. Therefore such families are entitled to supplementary relief from the E.H.R.B. equal to the difference between their income on work relief and the allowances prescribed by the budget. But each investigator, I repeat, realizes that if he wants to keep his job he must protect the E.H.R.B. from every possible expenditure, even at the expense of his clients. One finds comments of this character in the report of an investigator on a family which had requested supplementary aid, and which, according to the budget figures, was clearly entitled to it. I quote one of them:

> This is a clean and orderly family. There are no signs of table economy and I suspect [note that "suspect"; it sums up the whole attitude] that the father is getting occasional jobs beside his C.W.A. job. . . . This family will soon be getting their vegetables from their own garden, and since they do not see fit to economize to fit their income to the budget . . . I do not feel inclined to recommend supplementary relief.

Several months later this family again applied for supplementary relief and another investigator visited them. She also decided, "Suggest not supplementing.... Family shows no sign of want. Woman had excellent lunch ready for children, boiled asparagus, etc."

The total income of this family is $48 per month.

All of New York City was shocked a few months ago when two infant twins, children of a relief worker, were found frozen to death in their beds on Staten Island. The family had no coal. This family also was entitled to supplementary relief in the form of coal or cash, even according to home relief standards. Mr. Coyle's friends say he applied for it and it was refused. E.H.R.B. officials declare that he had never applied for supplementary relief. Yet it is unchallenged that an investigator of the E.H.R.B. visited this family within one week before the twins were found frozen.. I can only assume that the investigator did not inform the family (and frequently families are in ignorance of this) that they were entitled to supplementary relief if they needed it and applied for it.

I've said, or at least implied, some harsh things about the investigator, but in simple justice it must be said that he, as well as his clients, is the victim of forces he cannot control. The average investigator is a youngster in his (or her) early twenties. Frequently this is his first real job. As a rule he is a college graduate and today he must have something of a college background to be hired. From the moment he goes to work it is systematically instilled in him that his first duty is not to his clients but to the E.H.R.B.

He may wear a Phi Beta Kappa key but his wages are beneath those of the average unskilled laborer—$4.58 a day. He is so consistently overloaded with work (case loads of 120 to 140 are not unusual) that it is physically impossible for him to make his rounds and complete his reports within the limits of a normal working day. The average investigator goes home night after night to spend from one to five hours filling in endless duplicate forms and writing up endless case histories. So accepted a thing is this overtime work that investigators are instructed as a matter of course to spend an entire afternoon on new investigations and hand in the complete histories and worked-out budget cards for these cases at nine the next morning.

But perhaps most important of all, the investigator works in an atmosphere of constant fear, mistrust and insecurity. He sees investigators arbitrarily transferred to less desirable jobs or fired outright for minor infractions of the rules or for no stated reason, and he knows that frequently the actual reason has been some overheard remark in criticism of those in his precinct. He sees those advance to better jobs who best know how to keep a close tongue in their heads and curry favor with their superiors. Never does he know when the blow may strike. He is in perpetual fear for his job.

Recently, however, there has been some change. Less than a year ago a small group of socially conscious investigators launched the Emergency Home Relief Bureau Employes Association, with a militant program of struggle for higher wages, improved working conditions and better treatment of clients. As a result of several partially successful struggles in defense of wages, for a two-weeks' vacation with pay, etc., the Association has experienced a rapid growth until today it embraces almost one-half of all E.H.R.B. employes.

It is primarily to this organization, together with the Unemployed Councils and the Relief Workers League, that we must look for action to remedy the present intolerable situation for both client and investigator.

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Doctors in the Red

MARTHA ANDREWS

THOUGH medicine is one of the oldest and most honored of the professions, it is at the present time one of the poorest paid. As a profession it is relatively more "independent" than any other, that is to say, the physician works not for a salary but for fees. A definite class stratification can be observed long before the doctor begins to practise. The prospective doctors are divided automatically into well defined groups, and this division determines in advance their subsequent careers. The requirements and expenses of training are the means whereby this division is effected.

All except nine states require two years of college as a pre-medical training, and inasmuch as there are far too many applicants to enter the medical schools, the tendency is to accept only those who are college graduates. After this preparatory training, four years of medical school and one year of interneship follow—a total of from seven to nine years. The ambitious students will add at least one year for specialization. During these studies it is exceedingly difficult for the student to work his own way through.

According to reports submitted by the American Medical Association, the cost of four years of medical studies is, in round figures: $6,500 at Harvard, $5,750 at Columbia, and $6,250 at Johns Hopkins University. If we break these figures down, we discover that Johns Hopkins charges a greater proportion of the bill for tuition fees, books and instruments, whereas Harvard's expense account runs highest for room and board, clothing, travel and recreation.

It is thus obvious that the first bases of selection is the amplitude of the prospective physician's pocket-book. In fact, different deans of medical schools have stressed that, other things being equal, they prefer young men coming from financially secure backgrounds. As only about half of the applicants are admitted to medical school, only a small number of those classed as financially insecure need be admitted.

The second basis for selection is discrimination. Some universities, for example Cornell, do not take Negroes at all. Columbia University averages one Negro to every 400 students; Bellevue, one to every 500. The great bulk of Negro students are confined to two Negro colleges: Howard and Meharry. The reason which some of the better schools give for their discrimination against Negroes is that they wish to guarantee interneship after successful completion of studies, and it is very difficult to place Negroes as internes in approved hospitals. To "help this situation," the A.M.A. accepted certain sub-standard hospitals where the number of patients is too small to provide real experience and where the equipment is generally inadequate. Only two of the hospitals which are open to Negro internes are on the approved list of training hospitals for specialization and both accept only white students for specialization, which plainly means that the Negro is not permitted to specialize. When one considers that the seventy thousand general practitioners in the United States earned less as a group than the thirty thousand specialists in 1929, comment on this point becomes superfluous.

The discrimination against Jews is naturally more covert and less severe, since the Jews have a greater share of economic power than the Negroes. There are some schools which have a high percentage of Jewish students, for instance, Long Island, Flower, and Bellevue. But among the so-called top medical schools, there is a definite policy of taking only a small percentage of Jewish students. Advantage is taken of the fact that there is a high concentration of Jews in New York City, and that Jews, coming from poor immigrant families, for the most part attend state and city colleges. Thus Cornell makes a ruling that it will accept not more than five students from any one college regardless of scholastic attainments. Johns Hopkins takes a fixed percentage from each section of the country.

Contrary to popular belief, the level of professional attainment is not the most important factor in the physician's success. Naturally, there are exceptions. Outstanding scientific ability often finds channels for development in spite of all the handicaps placed upon it by present society. But on the whole, the general public has no means of judging whether a physician is good or bad, and the impressiveness of a doctor's offices, his bedside manner, and his mastery of pseudo-scientific patter are very often decisive. The A.M.A. questioned the leading physicians in the country as to the main factors creating success. A summary of the answers received follows:

> Success depends on:
> (1.) Character, as expressed by honesty and fair dealing with patients and other physicians.
> (2.) Personality—that is the ability to obtain the confidence of the patient, characteristics of cheerfulness and optimism, the art of getting along with people and adaptability.
> (3.) Industry as exemplified by hard work, thoroughness and constant attention to practice.
> (4.) Good training and judgment, which means knowledge, skill and the correct estimate of values, common sense.

In the opinion of those physicians who should know, accordingly, success is not mainly determined by professional skill.

The Committee on the Cost of Medical Care has made four exceedingly valuable studies of physicians' incomes. These investigations reveal that in 1929, during the height of prosperity, one-half of the physicians in the United States had a net income of $3,800, while one-fourth were earning $2,300 or less. About one-fifth of the physicians, altogether 20,000, were receiving a net income of less than $1,500. When one considers that a physician's training costs from $3,500 to $6,500, assuming only the four regular years of medical school, and considerably more if we reckon with several years of additional training, then these returns look very meager. Furthermore it takes, according to the same study, between seven and eight years of practice for a physician to establish himself. During the first year of practice the physician must reckon on no net income at all; in fact he is likely to lose money because of the expense for office equipment, medicine, etc. At the end of the third year of practice, when the physician is about thirty-one years old, his median salary will be $1,750. And this refers to 1929 conditions!

In contrast to these figures, 12 per cent of physicians have net incomes above $10,000, and two percent receive over $20,000 net.

The same committee reports that physicians' incomes declined 20 percent between 1929 and 1930. By 1934, according to the estimate of the A.M.A., net incomes had fallen 50 percent. This loss was by no means evenly distributed. Between 1929 and 1930, physicians with net incomes between one and two thousand dollars, sustained an income loss of 195 percent. In other words, the poorest physicians were obliged to pay approximately $1,425 that year for the privilege of practising. Physicians with net incomes ranging between two and three thousand dollars suffered income reductions of 27 percent. Those with incomes of $15,000 and over lost only 16 percent.

The specialist's income fell much less than did that of the general practitioner. The specialists are the most prosperous group in the medical profession. In 1929 their average income was $10,000. Twenty percent had gross incomes of over $20,000, and 8 percent earned more than $50,000.

How does a physician get into this well-to-do group? The A.M.A. study quoted above states that "character, as expressed by honesty and fair dealing," is the chief factor. Are we to believe that only about 10 percent of physicians in America are honest?

According to statements made by many physicians, among them officials of the A.M.A. and the Academy of Medicine, it is common knowledge that it is practically impossible to rise from the bottom to the top, on professional ability alone. As we pointed out, selec-

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tion begins when the prospective doctor commences his studies, and in this selection, social background, wealth and race are extremely important. To get into the upper stratum of physicians, it is generally necessary to have social connections with rich people, a well-equipped office in an exclusive neighborhood, and family assistance which makes it possible for the young doctor to wait until a well-to-do clientel give him its patronage.

The physicians in the higher income brackets have professional privileges. They control the A.M.A. and they get the best positions in the clinics. Clinical practice is the physician's laboratory. To keep in touch with the latest developments in medical science, one must have a large and varied clinical practice. To less influential physicians the ambulance cases are left; or they do not get into the good clinics at all. Naturally this is entirely apart from the fact that doctors should not be permitted to use clinical patients as guinea pigs, and experiment on their free patients, for which their training is inadequate, applying the results to their rich ones. The survey of deaths from childbirth in New York 1930-32, conducted by the New York Academy of Medicine Committee on Maternal Mortality, indicates that there is too much bungling. This survey shows that 65.8 percent of the maternity deaths were preventable; that in 61.1 percent of these avoidable deaths, the physician was responsible, either due to faulty judgment or faulty technique; and that in 17.8 percent of the cases the death certificate misstated the cause.

Clinical practice is necessary for the young doctor, and yet he cannot afford the luxury of free practice. In Cornell, where clinical work is paid, the physicians were ready to go on strike when abolition of payment was proposed. In Harlem, there is a strong movement to demand payment for clinical work.

The medical profession makes much of its fair practice, and it must be stated that on the whole the ethical standards of the profession, at least on paper, are exceedingly high. Yet in certain cases, state organizations of the A.M.A. have taken the lead in violating their own code, when violation is in the interest of the successful physicians whom the Association represents.

An interesting example of the relationship between the A.M.A. and the drug business is provided by the case of The Journal of Medical Economics. This Journal is sent free of charge to 125,000 physicians. It contains short articles on such subjects as how to increase payment on bills, the diary of a physician's wife, etc., but the main space is taken up by advertisements of drug and pharmaceutical concerns. The A.M.A. launched a feeble attack on The Journal as "hampering to scientific progress with its indiscriminate advertisements" to which the latter replied candidly that The Journal is sent only to licensed physicians who are presumably capable of discrimination. The story ends with the appointment of Dr. Baketal, editor of The Journal, to chairmanship of the committee on Medical Economics at the recent convention of the A.M.A., which committee has the job of investigating unfair practices!

The question of fee splitting naturally came up before this committee. This practice is absolutely unfair and is recognized as such. It is so widespread among physicians that there is probably not a community of decent size in the country untouched by it, even according to the A.M.A. The practice consists of physicians recommending specialists and taking a percentage of the specialist's fee. Since the specialist gets considerably more than the general practitioner, this means that specialists are often called in when they are not needed. Furthermore, the physician is supposedly giving a disinterested recommendation to a patient, and may, in actual fact, be calling in a specialist whose sole qualification is his willingness to pay the physician a larger percentage of his fee than his competitors. The solution proposed by Dr. Baketal's committee was that a detailed bill be given the patient, in which the fees of both the specialist and the general practitioner be included. In other words, the only difference between this procedure and the fee-splitting would be that the former would be done openly.

The annual bill for medicines in the United States is $715,000,000. Of this sum $360,000,000 goes for patent medicines, the ingredients of which are absolutely unknown to the patients. These patent medicines are in most cases either of dubious medical value, or positively deleterious to the human system. Some of them have succeeded in causing death in an amazingly short time. It is obvious that a scientific aroma is needed if this junk is to be sold over the counter to millions of unsuspecting consumers, and who is better able to provide such products with scientific standing than a "reputable" physician?

Public health is a public problem. There seems to be little recognition of this on the part of the A.M.A. or on the part of the conservative physicians in general. Thus Hygeia, the monthly publication of the A.M.A., lists among the disadvantages of entering the medical profession:

> . . . the competition offered by public and semi-public health organizations. For some reason various philanthropists have become intensely interested in providing medical attendance for the middle class, and the private physician in the large cities has much *really unjust competition* to meet. [Our italics.]

Dominated as it is by the wealthiest physicians, the American Medical Association has done a great deal to keep physicians and surgeons in a state of social and political slumber. It has a strong control over the profession. For instance, at its 1933 convention, the Association was able to tighten its grip on the hospitals by passing a resolution providing: "that physicians on the staffs of hospitals approved for interne training . . . should be limited to members in good standing of their local medical societies."

In the South, for example, no Negroes are admitted to these local associations.

In spite of the A.M.A., there is an increasing movement among physicians in favor of some form of collective medicine, primarily as a measure of self preservation. A report of the Bronx County Medical Society points out that: "in effect about 70 percent to 75 percent of the patients [in New York State] are treated by the medical profession either without remuneration or with remuneration so low and under such methods of competition as to be degrading . . ."

Furthermore, the number of public and free patients is increasing rapidly every year. The majority of physicians cannot expect to earn a livelihood under the present medical system when the number of private patients is declining and the large masses of the people are unable to afford even indispensable medical care. Half of the twelve hundred Jewish physicians in the Bronx are on relief today, and it is therefore not surprising that the Bronx association comes out for a compulsory health insurance system to be financed by the state.

The report of the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care made some highly inadequate and vague proposals in the direction of group medicine. Medical service was to be given by organized groups of physicians; its cost to be shared on a group-payment basis. The group-payment scheme means that medical service will continue to be adjusted to pocketbooks rather than to needs, and that the poorest groups in the population will be automatically excluded.

During the last (1934) convention of the A.M.A., the possibility of some form of group medicine was faced and the following proposals were made as a means of safeguarding the well-to-do physician's vested interest in his patients' diseases: the control of any such scheme by the medical profession; the immediate cost to be borne by the patient, who must pay at the time service is rendered; and relief to be accorded only to those below the "comfort level."

The first concrete step in the direction of any adequate health service for the working population is the Workers' Health Insurance Bill proposed by the Economic Federation of Dentists of Greater New York and endorsed by the National Congress for Unemployment Insurance. This bill was introduced into Congress by Representative Dunn of Pennsylvania this month. This bill provides for a complete system of medical insurance to apply to all workers (including professionals and farmers), whether employed or unemployed, and their families; it makes the utilization of all existing health facilities mandatory and provides for their extension at government expense, thus ensuring full employment of physicians, nurses, etc.; it is to be administered by a Health Insurance Commission composed of elected representatives of workers' and farmers' organizations and of medical professional organizations, including those of pharmacists and nurses; the patients are given choice of clinic and doctor; the amount of payment for medical services is to be

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decided by the Health Insurance Commissions jointly with the medical workers and professionals concerned; and finally, the funds for this bill are to be furnished by the government from levies on inheritance and incomes in excess of $5,000.

This bill is the first to provide for the entire working population without discrimination, and at the same time it safeguards the economic and professional status of the medical workers. By providing for health services free of charge, the demand for doctors and dentists would be enormously increased. The millions of unemployed and impoverished workers who are forced today to let disease take its course could immediately obtain medical care. Instead of a concentration of doctors corresponding to the concentration of wealth (today there is one doctor for every 621 people in New York State and one doctor for every 1,431 in South Carolina), thousands of doctors would be required at once in the pellagra-infested regions of the South.

The bill would break the stranglehold which the rich physicians have over the masses of doctors. It would break the power of the drug trade by setting up free dispensaries under the control of the workers, farmers, medical profession and pharmacists; and it would put an end to the parasitism of chiropractors, faith healers and swindlers.

It is the physician's joint interest with the workers to obtain the passage of this bill, since this is an enormous stride toward socialized medicine in fact as well as in name. The average doctor believes that he can practise his profession equally well under any social system. As we have shown, this is untrue since both the economic status of the physicians and the health of the population are largely determined by the type of society in which both exist. The contrast between public health in the Soviet Union and under fascism illustrates this. The U.S.S.R. is increasing its appropriations for public health, workers' rest and recreation from 5,400,000 rubles under the first Five Year Plan to 19,600,000,000 in the second. The number of hospital beds is to increase 44 percent in the cities and 98 percent in the country districts. Gigantic appropriations are being made for health research in the Soviet Union and under the proletarian dictatorship the doctor is accorded honor as a servant of the workers' needs rather than as a successful prostitute to the drug trust.

In fascist countries, we see the reverse of this picture. A continuous retrenchment of medical facilities is going on, and the living standards of the workers are falling at a rate which makes any comprehensive medical program futile. At the same time German fascism is reviving archaic anti-scientific theories which must impede the progress of medicine. Anti-vivisection edicts have been promulgated. The German medical schools are obliged to teach utterly discredited theories of racial supremacy, and even the revival of medieval herb remedies is being encouraged.

The Fight for Thaelmann

ALBERT VITON

A BLEAK, wet morning in a narrow street on the east side of Berlin. The street is dirty and the rain converts the dirt into muddy pudding. Tenements flank both sides of the street.

I am hurrying to meet a friend at the Oranienburger Tor. It is early in the morning, a little past six. Bakeries and milk stores are being opened and newsdealers display the morning papers. Bundles of the Voelkischer Beobachter lie on the sidewalk. They are permitted to get wet. The Eher Verlag takes them back anyhow. (Nearly 200,000 copies of the *Rote Fahne* used to be sold here.)

My friend, a metal worker, is waiting at the Tor. He is a huge man with the strength of an ox. But his forehead is fine. Blond hair falls over his eyes.

"Good morning. I am glad you have an American flag in your lapel. It may be useful," he says as we begin walking. "I want you to see some excitement. There may be shooting, but do not worry. Everything has been carefully planned." He paused to observe the effect of his words on me. "We will take a street car to Tegel: now take off the American flag. We sit separately. Get off the car when I do."

The No. 25 trolley is packed with workers going to Tegel. It takes an hour and a half to get there, and to pass the time I unfold a *Beobachter*. But I begin to feel uncomfortable. Though I dare not look up from the paper I sense dozens of hostile eyes turned on me.

"You are tactless," my friend says as soon as we are off the car. "This is not the place to unfold a Nazi paper. But let that pass. I brought you to witness a Thaelmann demonstration. It may be the biggest demonstration in Germany since the dictatorship. We expect about 25,000 workers to participate. You get into this cafe and watch from the inside and don't forget to pin the flag on your lapel. You do not know me." Then he leaves me.

This is the first indication of the object of our trip that I have had. My friend had called me the night before and asked me to meet him, but had told me nothing. Now I know.

Though it is nearly eight o'clock already, the Mueller Strasse, one of the widest streets in Tegel, is empty. Only women shoppers and casual passersby are to be seen on the street usually filled at this hour with thousands of workers hurrying to the huge, massive German factories. They obviously are unaware of the impending storm. Street cars stop, workers get out and disappear—but not into the factory gates.

Suddenly from every direction comes the shriek of whistles and people begin rushing to the wide street. Within two minutes it is filled with thousands of workers.

Hands go up into the humid air. Fingers clench into fists! The Communist salute: *"Rot Front!" "Rot Front!"*

No rostrums are raised. That would be suicidal for the leaders of the illegal demonstration and the vanguard of the revolutionary proletariat cannot sacrifice their leaders for mere show. Therefore there are no formal speeches and everything is done hurriedly. A powerful voice splits the air with *"Es lebe Thaelmann!"* "Long live Thaelmann," thousands respond.

Slogans are shouted; there is no time for speeches!

"Thaelmann remains the leader of the German working class." "Thaelmann represents the unconquerable mass." "Only a united front of workers will save Thaelmann."

Such demonstrations cannot last long in Nazi-land. Patrol wagons, arrive and tear through the crowd. Workers are run over. One lies in a pool of blood. His legs are smashed, and from the café I can see pieces of bone lying next to him.

The Black Shirts and Storm Troopers arrive in army trucks and charge with drawn revolvers. The regular police, armed with bayonets, and the mounted *landespolizei* arrive from side streets, surround the demonstrating workers and attack. The assault begins. Long rubber whips crack and dozens of men fall on the pavement. From the café window I see the mad rush of the people, the upward swing of the police whips—there is steel in them—and their descent upon backs, faces, shoulders. . . .

Suddenly a shower of leaflets begins falling. It has a hypnotic effect upon the retreating crowd. The workers stop and turn back to pick up the leaflets, disregarding the rubber whips in a renewed fight with the police.

In ten minutes the demonstration is over. The street is quiet; crowded black marias depart filled with hundreds of prisoners; stores and cafés are reopened. Only the Black Shirts remain to pick up the leaflets from the muddy, blood-stained street and on every corner stands an armed sentinel.

But the workers have been able to gather most of the leaflets and later I obtained one from my friend. It is a call to save Thaelmann, to support the German Labor Defense, to rally to the underground Communist Party:

> The underground Thaelmann Committee appeals, begins the leaflet. Thaelmann, the leader of the German working class, as well as hundreds of other revolutionaries will be dragged before the Nazi murderers. The sentence has been prepared long before the trial has begun.
>
> Fight with us against the legal murder and terror. Fight against the murder of our comrades. Fight for the liberation of the 170,000 revolutionary prisoners in Nazi dungeon-holes. Enroll in the Communist Party to fight for a Soviet Germany.

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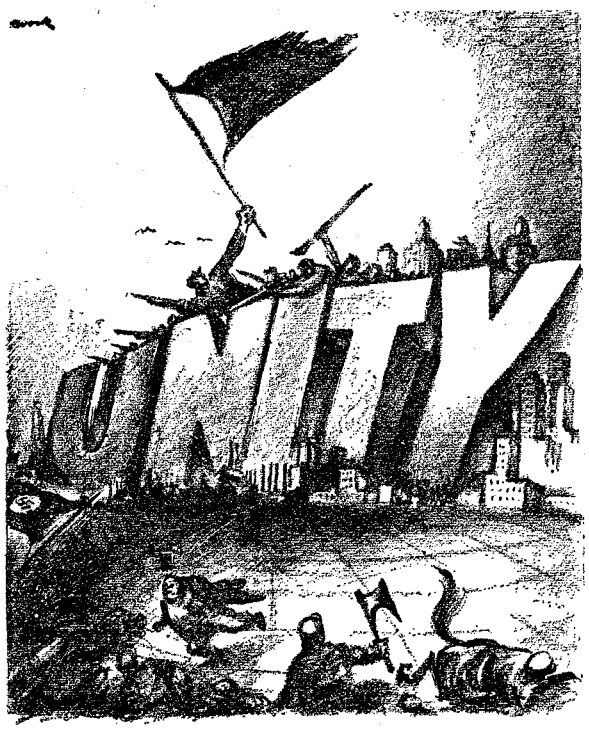
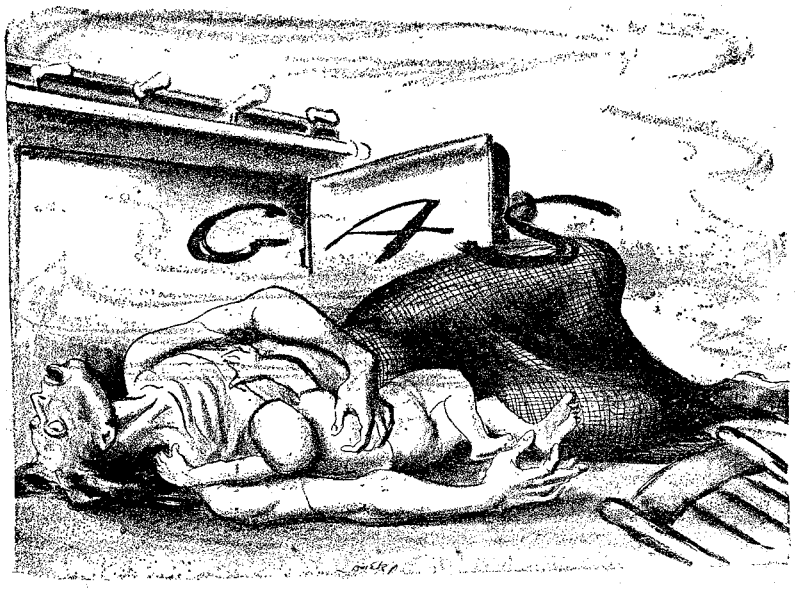
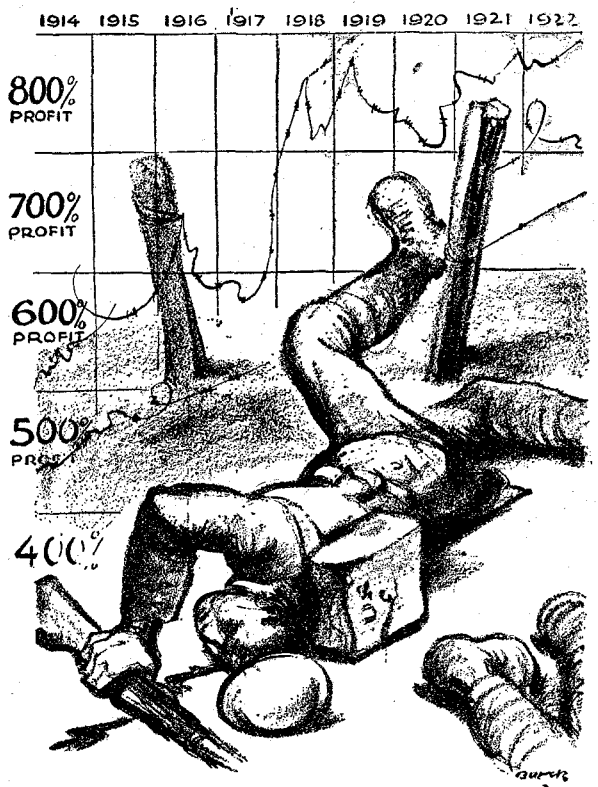




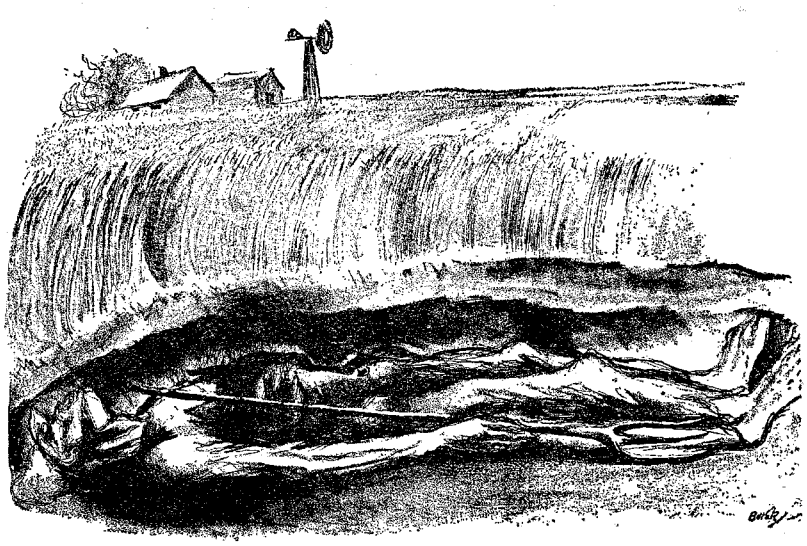
"... Be Patient"

"Cracking Down"



War—What For?

Keeping it Up



Too Much Wheat!

Taking the Profits Out of War!

From "HUNGER AND

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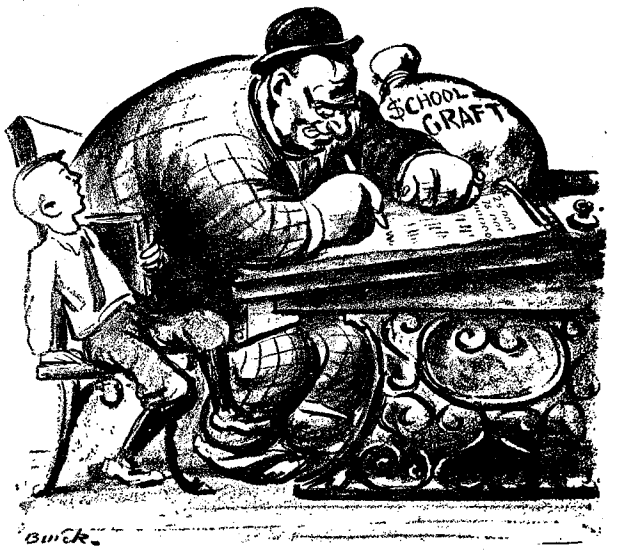
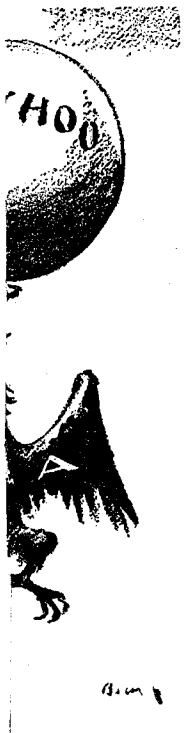
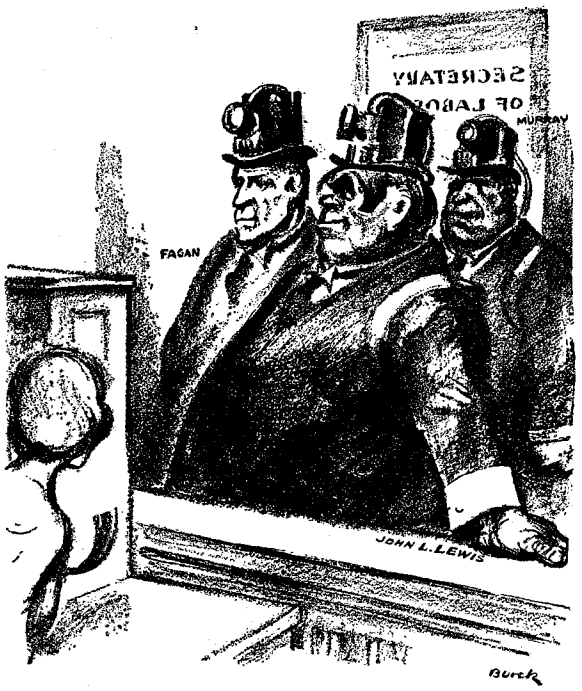
The Maniac

Over Their Heads!

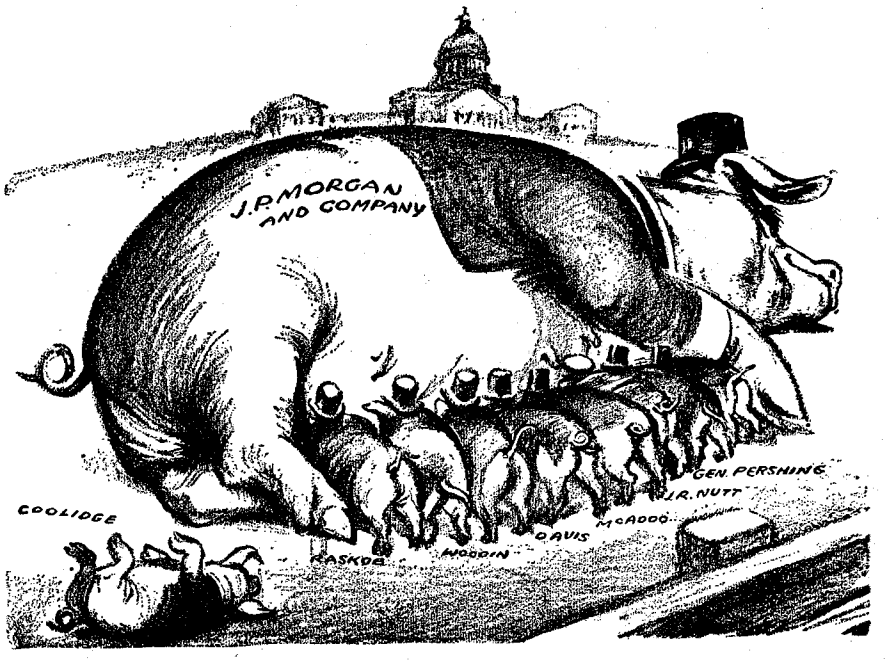


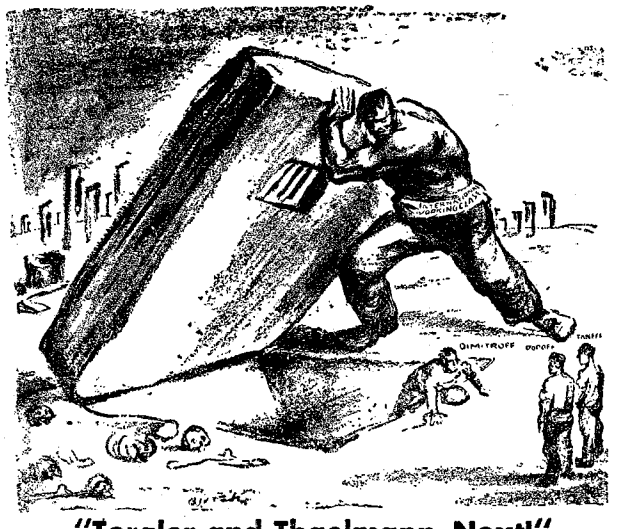
Shoved Out of His Seat!





"Tell the Secretary the Miners Are Here!"





"Torgler and Thaelmann, Next!"

The Purse-Snatcher

REVOLT," by Jacob Burck

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Strikes in the Skyscrapers

EDWARD NEWHOUSE

IT would be a task worthy of Congressmen McCormack and Dickstein to find something un-American about the current fight of New York City's building service employes. None of the important events of this strike could have happened anywhere outside of America. Even the two workers who were shot can console themselves that they were drilled with a typical New York cop's apology, "We thought they was staging a holdup."

All the things that have been holding back the American labor movement and all the factors which are bound to force its triumph, found expression in the heat of this strike. It involved, one way or another, several hundred thousand elevator operators, hall men, porters, helpers, information men, starters, watchmen, mechanics and janitors. Unemployment runs well over 50 percent among these, 80 percent among the Negroes, who form a majority in the trade. Accordingly, they receive the lowest average wage of any group of that size in the New York area. Furnace tenders work fourteen hours a day, seven days a week, for ten dollars. In Harlem, janitors work all day and receive nothing but a free apartment in return.

Andrew Nogrady, a maintenance worker in a Lexington Avenue apartment house, puts in the incredible working week of 112 hours. In addition, he has to get up half a dozen times each night to answer the doorbell. Reasonably well-to-do people live in his house and sometimes they stagger home in the early hours, drunk. Then Nogrady helps the taxi driver to get them upstairs. He was supposed to have had two hours to himself in the afternoon but the porter has to mind the elevator too, and Nogrady has been given the job of exercising eight dogs from the apartments. Nogrady and his twin boys of nine, live in two small basement rooms, neither of which has windows. Their furniture consists of discarded pieces picked out of the storage room.

The general run of workers had never belonged to a union, but three years of crisis prepared them for a lot of things they hadn't thought of. It took little more than a gesture on the part of officials of Local 32B, Building Service Employes International, to have them flocking in by the thousands. In the fall of 1934, about 75,000 members walked out on strike, mostly in the Garment Center. There was violence, but even Mr. Peter Bergoff's well-armed gentlemen failed to influence the situation to any appreciable extent. They cracked some skulls but they couldn't get the elevators running and the attitude of the garment workers was discouraging.

An agreement was signed with about 550 owners, not a particularly good agreement, but the building-service workers thought that was probably the best Mr. Bambrick could get. Mr. James J. Bambrick was president of the union and he was an experienced labor leader with years of Big Six activity behind him. There were unsavory rumors about other conditioning factors also being behind Mr. Bambrick but there's always talk. At least Mr. Bambrick was not un-American. He was quite within the old tradition.

In a few weeks the owners started violating the agreement left and right. None of the high union officials had to be treated for nervous prostration but the workers seethed and there was sentiment for a city-wide restrike. Then again something very American happened. Mayor Fiorello La Guardia appointed an Arbitration Board, consisting of Mr. Bambrick, Clarke G. Dailey, representing the Realty Advisory Board and an impartial chairman, Major Henry H. Curran. Nobody had ever heard of him, so he was impartial.

Neither the union nor the owners were bound by the decisions of the board. But the owners had nothing to lose. Arbitration gave them time to prepare and they could be reasonably certain of the Major. The union, on the other hand, was losing time, dissipating strike sentiment and risking public displeasure by having to turn down an award concocted by Dailey and Curran. But Mr. Bambrick agreed to serve on the board and they began hearings. Workers testified to the intolerable conditions. Owners testified that real estate wasn't going so good, some of them had to give up both butlers. The board arbitrated and arbitrated.

On February 13, localized strikes broke out in two sections of New York City. In the Madison Square area the Charles Kaye Realty Company's seven office buildings, ranging from twelve to twenty stories, were struck. All passenger and freight elevators stopped. In the office of the union, Mr. Arthur L. Harckham, secretary stated, "We've been arguing with the company for the past three weeks and our men just quit. We can't hold the men any longer." On the same day, the men returned to work with their demands granted—a forty-eight-hour week, time and a half for overtime and a wage increase.

At the same time, 3,000 walked out of 220 buildings in Harlem. At union headquarters the strike was declared "unauthorized" with the apology that "our men have lost their patience waiting for the award." The New York Times reported a "rank and file strike." It might be said that although the strike was called at the workers' insistence, it was begun with the full knowledge of Mr. Bambrick who was unwilling publicly to authorize it.

When it became obvious that there wasn't anybody who could hold the men, the Board announced its decisions to the union through Mr. Bambrick at the Star Casino. The hall was packed to its capacity of 10,000 and several thousand listened outside to the speeches broadcast by amplifiers. Mr. Bambrick had not signed it, because as he ingenuously put it, "If I had signed this, I wouldn't have blamed you fellows for shooting me tonight." Mr. Dailey and Major Curran had signed it and Mr. Lawrence B. Cummings, chairman of the Realty Advisory Board, also thought it was exceedingly "just and fair to labor."

But the men sat in a virtual stupor as the award was being read. It had provisions calling for wages as low as seventy dollars per month and hours as high as eleven a day for night men. Even these ideal conditions were to be achieved over a period of time through monthly increases in pay and decreases in hours. No differential was established between the various classifications of employes and none between the various types of buildings. The latter circumstance occasioned the one bitter passage in Mr. Bambrick's minority report. He called it a "very unfair form of class legislation." Against the workers? Shucks, no. Rather "against a small percentage of building owners."

John M. Holly asked for the floor. He is a young elevator operator at 40 Wall Street, where Walter Gordon Merritt, the Realty Advisory Board's lawyer, has his office. He moved that "the terms of the owners be rejected and that a general strike be called in offices and loft buildings." From the floor Frank Pinto amended the motion to include apartment houses. Both proposals were carried unanimously.

"Is seventy dollars a month enough?" Holly asked from the platform.

The men shouted, "No."

"Can you support a wife and kids on that?"

"No."

Then Mr. Bambrick pulled the wryest face a body would care to see and announced that he was but the servant of the brothers there assembled and would execute their wish. Everybody walked out ready for a general strike to be called on Monday.

Holly and Pinto, unfortunately, had forgotten to include the word "Monday" in their motion. A slip. But Mr. Bambrick didn't forget, he didn't slip. Mr. Bambrick went and saw the Mayor again and gave a hand in executing one of the most consummately neat doublecrosses in the history even of American strikebreaking.

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The realty owners and the city administration were scared and had plenty of reasons. 250,000 union garment workers would have refused to go to work in scab operated elevators. The longshoremen and truckdrivers gave clear indication that they would have something to say about scabs in the warehouse elevators. The utilities workers were already out in Brooklyn. You could tell the fat boys were scared by the way they scurried about. La Guardia sat up nights at the conferences. Ed McGrady came scuttling up from Washington. Mr. Bambrick was trying so many things. He had even set up dummy rank and file committees to oppose himself and to prevent the formation of a genuine strike committee.

And then there was Mr. George Scalise. He had come to New York back in September to witness the McLarnin-Ross fight. Chicago is a small town and Mr. Scalise stayed on to superintend a car-washers' union in Brooklyn. Great town for labor leaders, Chicago. Remember Al Capone who had said in his biography, "We must keep the worker away from red literature and red ruses; we must see that his mind remains healthy." Well, Mr. Scalise came to all the conferences at City Hall dressed like George Raft and everybody remembered he was the international vice-president of the Building Service Employes Union and it was quite a sight watching Mr. Bambrick jump the hoop for him.

Monday came and there was no general strike call. The workers didn't know what hit them. They turned to their shop chairmen who were equally at a loss. In some places, minor officials of the union came around and said negotiations were under way. In the confusion and the tension several buildings in the Garment Center were tied up by strikes.

If every union man could have witnessed what happened at 1385 Broadway the strike would have been over in two days and they'd be back at work now with their demands granted. Just a few days before, an order had gone out to the 10,000 garment workers in the building compelling them to use the freight elevators and leave the front entrance to their betters. When the operators and porters struck, the garment workers stayed out with them. They weren't going to walk up twenty flights. The writer did, just to see what was doing, and there, alone in his palatial show-room, sat a little rotund manufacturer, wailing. There was not a single machine going in his place, he said, he couldn't get his specials out and his best buyers were in town for the day but they couldn't get to the place and what was going to become of him? He sank low in the armchair and tore desperately at the strap of his spats.

The Burns patrol in the lobby didn't help him a bit.

But that same day James J. Bambrick signed a six-months' truce in the course of which another Arbitration Board would take the men's demands "under consideration." A paralyzing tremor ran almost visibly through the membership. They gathered in small groups and everybody was asking questions that nobody could answer. With power clenched in their fists, they had watched it melt slowly under the La Guardia-Bambrick-McGrady hot air and dribble through their fingers. It took them hours to recover.

So far as City Hall is concerned, for the time being, this strike is over. But the men know different. Last week when Bambrick mentioned La Guardia's name at the mass meeting of the Bronx local, there was an outburst of the cheer widely associated with that borough.

"That won't get us any place," Bambrick shouted but he could scarcely be heard above the uproar. He tried alternately to plead and to stand on his dignity. "I demand that you show respect for your mayor," he thundered into the mike.

That is where the membership's recent political education came through. Nobody could hold them when Bambrick said that. "What did he do in the taxi strike?" voices demanded. "What's he trying to do to the five-cent fare?" Andrew Nogrady and 200,000 others have just learned through the bitterest sort of experience what they can expect from him and his kind in a strike of building-service employes.

Correspondence

"Brown Shirts in Zion"

To The New Masses:

Two months ago I returned to America after half a year in Palestine. While in Palestine, I worked at the Dead Sea and was a member of the Histadrut. It is only because I am in fundamental agreement with the conclusions reached by Robert Gessner in his article, "Brown Shirts In Zion," that I hasten to point out an error that, while leaving his arguments unshakable, lays him open to the cavilling of Zionists. Zionists, especially "labor" Zionists, are particularly sensitive to the more shallow surfaces of truth because they are inwardly unhappy in their attempt to achieve a sound synthesis between the just demands of labor and the chauvinistic aims of Zionism. . . .

To call the Histadrut "Pink Nazis" is to becloud the issues and make the fight against reaction and fascism in Palestine more difficult. The membership of the Histadrut is much more radical than its leadership, just as is the A.F. of L. membership in America. The workers will slowly learn that there is no compromise between the demands of labor and the "all-inclusive ideals" of Zionism. I am not suggesting that the leadership of the Histadrut should not be attacked mercilessly, but it is important not to alienate the many sincere but bewildered workers within the Histadrut by placing all the groups to the right of the Communists in some camp of the fascists. It is far better to point out the class-collaboration ideas of the leaders, their lack of militancy in organization, and their criminal failure to organize Jews and Arabs in one trade union where they are employed in the same industry. An easy generalization like "Pink Nazis" defeats its own purpose.

New Rochelle, N. Y. Jesse Wallach.

To The New Masses:

How can Robert Gessner reconcile his statement that "300,000 Jews are making life an unbearable sardine box" with the well known fact that there is felt an acute need for laboring hands in Palestine? Sixty thousand Jews have immigrated into Palestine in 1934, while according to conservative estimates, Palestine can absorb an additional one hundred thousand in 1935.

Benjamin Itzkowitz.

Reply by Robert Gessner

To The New Masses:

The critical correspondence which my article "Brown Shirts In Zion" provoked may be summarized in two points: (1) Why did I say that the "Socialist Nationalists of the Zionist Movement may be partially described as Pink Nazis"? And (2) why did I say that the Arabs have been "complaining, and official England is agreeing, that the 300,000 Jews are making life an unbearable sardine box?"

Regarding the first point, let us draw an analogy between the Histadrut and the A.F. of L. The Jewish labor rank and file organized into the Histadrut are, as in America, more radical and class-conscious than their leaders. The majority and controlling party, the one from which most of the leaders have come, is the MAPEI, which is affiliated with the Second International. The action of those leaders, like Ben Gurion, have been more in the interests of nationalism than socialism. The recent agreement which Ben Gurion signed with Jabotinsky, in which the Histadrut was compromised to accept Jabotinsky's principle of obligatory arbitration in questions of strikes, is proof that Histadrut is willing to sell out its workers to Jewish capitalists so that the reconstruction of the Fatherland would not be impeded.

The tremendous furore which this agreement has caused among the rank and file is but evidence of the Pink Nazi leadership. Other evidences is their lack of militancy in organization and their ever-present belief in class-collaboration. The most conclusive evidence that Histadrut's leaders are Pink Nazis is their failure to organize Arabs and Jews into trade unions where they both are employed in the same industries. The Histadrut is, in other words, only interested in raising the wages of "nordic" workers and letting the semitic Arabs shift for themselves. Ben Gurion was quoted March 10, 1932, in *Haaretz,* Tel Aviv daily, telling the *Hasifath Hanischorim* (Assembly of the Elected) that to employ an Arab is worse than opening a house of prostitution! How can a discrimination against labor by a so-called labor leader on the basis of race and even moral grounds be anything else but Pink Nazism? Ben Gurion and his ideology is not only in control of the Jewish Agency by virtue of the MAPEI, which is by far the largest party in Palestine, but also dominates the World Zionist Organization. At the Prague Congress in August,

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1933, Ben Gurion had the largest block of delegates, 132 out of a total of 316, with the revisionists and allies boycotting the election, leaving Gurion in an undisputed majority.

As for the second point, not only are the Arabs complaining and the English agreeing that the new immigration is crowding Palestine, but it is a fact. It is a fact because the whole of settled Palestine is rapidly becoming urbanized so that the cities and strings of suburbs are populated entirely out of proportion to the barren hills and sand dunes. Not only geographically out of proportion, but also economically, because Palestine is mainly a feudal agricultural country. The population per acre for 1931, according to the 1935 World Almanac, is 102.5 compared to America's 41, Latvia's 74.8 and Lithuania's 99.4. Latvia and Lithuania are also mainly agricultural countries, but without barren hills or swamps, and they are admittedly densely populated. Since 1931, however, the population has increased by 150,000 Jews and it is said that the same number of Arabs have emigrated from neighboring countries. Nor has the natural increase of the Arabs been taken into account. So that the density today has been greatly increased over 102.5.

ROBERT GESSNER.

Babson Says "Dictator"

TO THE NEW MASSES:

That you may not overlook a rather significant detail in recording the springtime of American fascism I am calling your attention to a forecast of Mr. Roger Babson in The Los Angeles Times, Feb. 6:

"As to our immediate prospects, I am convinced that we are in for a period of about three years of comparative prosperity now—then we are going to feel the inevitable letdown, unless we do something toward permanently correcting our national ills. . . . *Our franchise system must be altered.* Mussolini already has corrected Italy's voting franchise. We permit anyone at all, providing he or she is of the required age, to vote indiscriminately . . . (three points indicate an omission of the editor!) the ignorant have as much voice in our important affairs as the university president—and because of the dole the unfit voting population is actually propagating faster than the better type, figures show. What is the answer? Figure it out on any kind of paper: in five years where will we be, with the almost illiterate one producing more than twice the number of offspring produced by the intelligent element? (A new racial theory?) *I venture a prediction that we are going to have a dictator at our helm in a few years, bringing about needed reforms* in our national life, after which perhaps we may be able to vote again and control our own affairs."

K. RENNEMAN.

Los Angeles, Cal.

A Powerful Poem

TO THE NEW MASSES:

As a stirring, powerful revolutionary poem, "Columbus Circle," by Will Lawrence, is probably one of the best I have read. . . .

HAROLD MEYER.

Unity of the Rural Workers

TO THE NEW MASSES:

For the first time since the Wobblies moved across the continent during the War, the agricultural and rural workers are organizing a national movement demanding recognition. Since the N.R.A., there have been spasmodic outbreaks in rural areas, most importantly Imperial Valley, California. Then, last summer the Seabrook strike in New Jersey swept the headlines of the nation, calling the attention of the people to the 5c-an-hour child labor and 15c top wages paid on the U. S. heavily mortgaged corporation farm run by Charles F. Seabrook.

About the same time Okey O'Dell narrowly escaped lynching in the Ohio onion fields for organizing the onion pickers into an American Federation of Labor union of agricultural workers.

Only a few weeks ago the citrus workers of Florida won a strike. The rank and file workers were all expelled from one local of the Citrus Workers' Union unless they joined either the K.K.K. or the Silver Shirts. All but six members were expelled, and the expelled rank and file carried through the strike.

These widely scattered unions have at last got together. At a National Conference of Agricultural, Rural and Lumber Workers held in Washington, D. C., January 8 and 9, opened by Okey O'Dell of Ohio, the experiences and needs of this long neglected section of our population were heard.

The National Committee for Unity will cooperate with all existing organizations in rural areas and help build new Unions. The present Executive is Okey O'Dell, Ohio; Tom Crawford, New Jersey; Jack Walker, Florida; C. B. Kinney, Arkansas; Southern Tenant Farmers' Union; Alabama share cropper; Delegate C. Randall, Rocky Mountain Beet Laborers' Association of Colorado and Nebraska; and Donald Henderson, Secretary, 507 Atlas Building, 527—9th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

"Caesar or Nothing"

To the New Masses:

Of course the best thing is not to make any mistakes, but the next best thing is to correct them. That the brief review of Henry Roth's novel, *Call It Sleep,* which appeared in The New Masses of February 12 was a mistake, seems to be pretty generally granted, and several readers have already offered excellent corrections in the correspondence columns of this magazine. But what worries me is not that the particular review in question was inadequate or even that the particular book was treated unfairly; such things are unfortunate but not beyond repair. What bothers me is the underlying cause of such a miscarriage of literary justice, the uncomfortable feeling I have that the review of Roth's novel was not merely a case of individual misjudgment but a case of judgment based upon an ill-digested general theory. In short, it seems to me that the review was not an accident but a symptom, and as such very revealing of a certain existent deficiency in literary criticism in the left sector.

This deficiency can best be attributed, in the words of Lenin, to the infantile disorder of "Leftism." Some of our middle-class critics have gone proletarian with such headlong momentum that today they are already several miles to the left of themselves. Like Aesop's dog who lost the bone he held in his mouth in his desire to grab the reflected bone, in the water, such critics will sometimes pass by the immediate book before them in their haste to grab the conception of proletarian literature, a conception which eludes them precisely because it has never becomes a reality for them, but remains only an idea. In the field of literature, they have somewhat the same attitude to the actual job of creating a novel in this period of revolutionary transition as, in the field of politics, have those leftist ideologues who criticize the Soviet Union for daring to build Socialism in one corner of the capitalist world. It is so easy to direct the course of a revolution or to write a novel, for those who have neither the responsibility nor the capacity for doing either.

From this infantile disorder of "Leftism" this romantic demand for Caesar or nothing, derives that schematicism whose alternate names are dogmatism and sterility and which would seek to eliminate objective realities by denying them. In the field of creative work—let us say, the novel—such schematicism takes the form of offering ideas or slogans without benefit of the creative act; without, that is, clothing such ideas and slogans in flesh and blood and giving them an emotional and human propulsion so that they come to life by their own right, and not by any fiat of the author's. In the field of criticism, this schematicism takes the alternate form of wish-fulfillment or denial, the attempt to deduce certain political "truths" from the novel, which are not supported by the facts or, on the other hand, the tendency to kill a book because it does not bring out certain desired "truths" which fall outside the scope of the particular work.

As an example of the first tendency, I recall Granville Hicks' review of Arnold Armstrong's fine but not fully realized novel, *Parched Earth.* It will be remembered that Armstrong's novel ends with the capitalistic mare's nest of a California town being destroyed by a flood brought on by the lunatic escapade of a cretin. Hicks found in this business of revolution by water a powerful symbolic resolution of the novel, although this resolution completely cancelled the work of the Agricultural and Cannery Workers' Union and the necessity of having Communist organizers in the field. To have termed this a revolutionary ending of a proletarian novel, it seems to me, could be attributed only to wish-fulfillment on the part of the critic, the desire to read into the novel a strength and purpose unsupported by the facts.

The review of Henry Roth's novel is an example of the second tendency, the assassination of books which fail to do what the author never intended to do and could not have done with the material at hand. "It is a pity," says the reviewer, "that so many young writers drawn from the proletariat can make no better use of their working-class experience than as material for introspective and febrile novels." But what are the facts. In *Call It Sleep* Roth is writing about a sensitive Jewish boy between the age of six years and ten, living on the East Side in the first decade of the century. In other words, he is writing a novel not only about what Kenneth Burke has called the "pre-political" period of childhood, but about a childhood in a "pre-political" period of our history. He is re-creating what is probably not only the author's own background, but the background of thousands like himself.

Elsewhere, in The New York Sun, I have reviewed Roth's novel at length and attempted to speak of the very genuine experience his book gave me. What I wish to point out here is the manner in which the author shows how his hero surmounts the fearful obstacles on his road to life, with the result that when we close the book we honestly feel that such a childhood can mature into a revolutionary manhood. If there is a better, a more purposeful rendering of an East Side proletarian childhood than that contained in *Call It Sleep* I have yet to see it. What better use could Roth have made of his working-class experience as a child than to have shown honestly and greatly exactly what that experience consisted of? Should little David Schearl have joined the Young Pioneers, a non-existent organization? Should David's working-class father have been a socialist when he wasn't? Should the author himself have turned Jehovah and moved history forward to satisfy his critic?

Like those scandals in the political or economic world which suddenly throw a glaring light on the shaky foundations beneath, the review of Roth's novel reveals the weakness of our proletarian literary criticism. I have characterized this weakness as the infantile disorder of "Leftism" and spoken of the resultant schematicism. Something else remains to be said. The school of proletarian literary criticism, like any other school, can produce great critics only when there are critics great enough to rise above it, critics for whom the materialist dialectic is no longer a rule of thumb but part of their instinctive reaction to a work of art. As with the creative writer, the proletarian ideology must become flesh and blood of the critic if he is to function in his ripest capacity. He will not then see the political, aesthetic and other aspects of a novel as separate entities, but as an amalgam, with each aspect modified and conditioned by the others.

It must be remembered that the proletarian school of literary criticism, like any other school, can carry the critic just so far and no further. There still remains the creative act between the critic and the thing criticized, the necessity of understanding the ways, means and purpose of the author and at the same time, the need of maintaining the objective removal necessary for judgment.

Finally, the true proletarian literary critic must function in a political capacity as well. What is wanted are not killers, but leaders. He must realize that the novelist is writing in that most trying of historical periods, a period of revolutionary transition. He must be able to point out not merely the defects in a certain book but why those defects exist. He must be able to reveal an author to himself in terms of his work, to show him how an inchoate novel can result from an inchoate philosophy. He must select those elements in a work which militate toward a genuine proletarian literature, and condemn those elements which are hang-overs of the old bourgeois, defeatist ideology. Properly to do this, however, he must first of all have a generally acceptable definition of what proletarian literature is. But this is a subject for another article.

Edwin Seaver.

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—And a Great Personality

LETTERS TO KUGELMANN, by Karl Marx. International Publishers. $1.

MARX'S *Letters to Kugelmann* covers the period from the end of 1862 to August, 1874. Dr. Kugelmann was a German physician who was sympathetic to the views of Marx. He was helpful in negotiating with the publisher of *Capital* and in keeping Marx informed concerning persons and events in Germany.

The letters reveal the many-sidedness of Marx's activity and character. Especially valuable to those whose reading in Marx has been confined to his theoretical works are the flashes upon the "human side" of Marx. The handicaps he suffered through illness—once he complained of having to "lie fallow" for eight weeks—increase the admiration for his enormous creative energy. Those who may have pictured Marx as solely a "thinking machine" will find frequent indications of his deep affection for his daughters, his lively interest in individuals—both friends and foes—often expressed in colorful language. Marx's judgment of such figures as LaSalle, Dietzgen, Bakunin, Duhring, W. Liebknecht, Proudhon and Blanqui, set forth here with discerning incisiveness, reveal the tactician and psychologist.

Frequent attention is directed to the vital task of preparing *Capital* and promoting its distribution. For this major work Marx was naturally desirous of a favorable response among intellectuals. However, he realized that in many cases their class interest would cause them to condemn *Capital*. But with an eye for the effect on those he really wanted to reach, he much preferred outright attacks from class enemies rather than silence.

In his references to *Capital* and other writings Marx shows what a high regard he had for the opinion of working-class readers. He realized that the ultimate influence of his ideas depended upon the degree to which the workers accepted his views as corresponding with the realities of their existence and as laying out a promising campaign against their exploiters. In all of this Marx had no inclination to obtrude his own personality or to protect himself. He writes of the labor movement, "which I influence from behind the scenes. . . ." Again: "When I denounced them [the British labor leaders] at the Hague Congress I knew that I was letting myself in for unpopularity, slander, etc., but such consequences have always been a matter of indifference to me."

Marx's appreciation of the importance of women in the proletarian movement continues to have significance for our time: ". . . great progress was evident in the last Congress of the American 'Labor Union' in that . . . it treated working women with complete equality . . . in this respect the English, and still more the gallant French, are burdened with a spirit of narrow-mindedness. Anybody who knows anything of history knows that great social changes are impossible without the feminine ferment. Social progress can be measured exactly by the social position of the fair sex (the ugly ones included)."

How truly international Marx's outlook was is shown by his frequent reference to developments in a wide range of countries. He watched events in the United States closely. He emphasized the role of national minority movements in weakening the position of big property owners and in sharpening the class struggle — devoting special attention to the situation in Ireland. On another occasion he excused himself for not having written sooner, because he had to study Russian to read "a book sent to me from St. Petersburg about the conditions of the working class (peasants, of course, included) in Russia."

Noteworthy is his high regard for the revolutionary qualities of the French workers, and he comments with approval: "The Parisians are making a regular study of their recent revolutionary past, in order to prepare themselves for the business of the impending new revolution." That was written in 1869. During the first stage of the siege of Paris Marx wrote: "However the war may end, it has given the French proletariat practice in arms, and that is the best guarantee of the future." And five months later, when Paris was ruled by the Commune, Marx exclaims: "What elasticity, what historical initiative, what a capacity for sacrifice in these Parisians!" In the same letter he criticizes the leadership of the Commune for its too passive rôle and points out that the need is "no longer . . . to transfer the bureaucratic military machine from one hand to another, but to smash it, and that is essential for every real people's revolution on the continent."

In the nature of the case systematic exposition of economic principles occupies relatively little space in these letters. Probably most significant for economics is the clear explanation why "the every-day exchange relation

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need not be directly identical with the magnitudes of value." Bourgeois critics, by ignoring this explanation, seek through distortion to "destroy" the Marxian conception of value. Lenin in his eight-page preface to the *Letters* calls special attention to this statement by Marx on value. Significant also is this: "I described [in *Capital*] large-scale industry not only as the mother of the antagonism, but also as the producer of the material and spiritual conditions for resolving that antagonism, although it is true the solution cannot proceed along pleasant lines." In this brief statement Marx succinctly sets forth the central feature of dialectical materialism in the capitalist era. And he clearly implies the revolutionary nature of the process.

In the *Letters of Kugelmann* one is provided in brief compass the materials with which to formulate a clear picture of Marx's personality. In this context his ideas are all the more convincing. W. T. MASSEY.

Brave New Historians

EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION AND POLITICS SINCE 1815, by Erik Achorn. Harcourt, Brace and Co. $5.

Dr. Achorn identifies himself with the "New History" school which derives its inspiration from Lamprecht and James Harvey Robinson. Disowning the "old history" approach that revolved mainly around the exploits of military men and monarchs, these liberal writers aim to include all cultural forces in their historical works. A laudable goal indeed, except that inherent defects in their own social philosophy have usually led the liberals into the ludicrous position of treating (in practice, if not in theory) all forces in history as equally important, with none more determinant than others. Their inability or unwillingness to write history from a conscious, dynamic point-of-view, they mistake for "impartiality" and "objectivity." This flaw is evidenced in Achorn's book, which, though it is fluently written and marshals a great many useful facts in its 900 pages, bearing witness to extensive research (even if most of the sources are secondary and tertiary) fails to weave the forces of history into an integrated, comprehensive pattern (as only a Marxist approach makes truly possible). Achorn arbitrarily arranges them in parallel streams, isolating main currents from one another.

A striking characteristic of liberal historians is that, on most subjects, they shy away from positive opinions like timid rabbits, but in expressing criticism of Marxism, they strut boldly and wrap themselves in the mantle of papal infallibility. With the patronizing ignorance of his school when discussing Communism, Dr. Achorn repeats the silly twaddle about Bolshevism being a religion, and its adherents religious fanatics worshiping Marx as God and Lenin as his prophet. He throws a brick-laden bouquet in Marx's direction: he tells us that "Marx was first of all a writer" (not a political economist, a revolutionary, who used literature as one of several media, but a "writer" who adopted revolution as a convenient theme). With pedantic resourcefulness, Achorn makes the startling discovery that Marx was never a Communist, nor are his present-day followers really Communists, because Communism entails public ownership of *all* property, whereas Marxism seeks public ownership only of the means of production. He refers to the Soviet ideal as a "Communist State" (a self-contradictory term), and in the same spirit of "impartial" confusion, describes the Fascist regime in Italy, unlike many of his confreres, who are inclined to minimize the historical role of the October Revolution, as "State Socialism"! True, Achorn devotes to the Soviet Union a space somewhat in keeping with its importance, and his treatment is on the whole, favorable. However, he does not find it inconsistent with historical objectivity, to treat as historical evidence such idle gossip as: "One hears it said that the majority [of the U. S. S. R.'s inhabitants] want a change [in the present system]." Lenin is placed among the great men of history—but in what company—side by side with Jesus, Mohammed, Innocent III, Luther, Loyola, Bismarck and Gandhi!

The book, however, has some value as a compendium of facts: it contains some fine maps, several useful appendices, and a good bibliography. HENRY COOPER.

Pain Without Finish

IN MEMORIAM: 1933, by Charles Reznikoff. Objectivist Press, New York. 1934. $1.

MR. CHARLES REZNIKOFF is an unfortunate man. By saying that, I mean to stress a particular tone, lightly, ever so lightly. First of all, he is a splendid poet: many have attested to this evident fact. But one must admit that it is unhappy to be a poet in America. Worse yet, that a man of Reznikoff's caliber should be forced to descend to publication by the Objectivist Press, an outfit controlled so far as I can learn by that consummate ass and adulator of Herr Ezra Pound (Heil Hitler and may all

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR POWER"

THE NATURE OF CAPITALIST CRISIS

BY JOHN STRACHEY

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his descendants descend), Louis Zukofsky.

The Jews are a fact. Mr. Zukofsky has not emphasized the phenomenon. Mr. Reznikoff has, in telling poetic intensity, covering the whole history of the Wandering Jew, almost.

But what an almost! Granted: Samaria fell, and there was Babylon as well as the handwriting on the wall, even Academies we will say (perhaps there is even one in Liberia and so what?), Synagogues, Spain (forget Amsterdam?), Poland (and God bless the Jews there!), and Russia! But is it Russia of the U. S. S. R.? Most cagily not. Russia ends with the Revolution of 1905. Not a word of the present Soviet regime and of the first free republic of Soviet Jews. Nothing.

But this: "Your name . . . is like a cool wind . . . in a summer day . . . how great you have become, United States!"

Jesus Christ! (with all due reverence to President D. A. R. Roosevelt) I must say I don't recognize the picture.

Perhaps, America is Zion?

Dear Mr. Zukofsky.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

Worship at Dusk

NO QUARTER GIVEN, by Paul Horgan. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.
AMERICAN FAMILY, by Faith Baldwin. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.

IT IS not the fault of the Marxist that novels nowadays are more important for what they imply historically than for what they create. It is the fault of their authors who, by holding to a receding viewpoint, miss the real values in contemporary life. In each of these two ambitious novels, for example, a chief character states that it is authentic faith in something authentic which confers value upon art and living. Yet neither author is able to fulfill the demand he himself raises. Faith Baldwin seems to think that birth, love and death do the trick every time, just like that. Paul Horgan romanticizes great bourgeois artists. He looks off in the direction of the special people on the fringe of our civilization.

Long ago the lower middle-class realists, with their little bit seamy and little bit dreamy studies of average men in ordinary life, abdicated in favor of the specialists in people on the fringe. The great American world of factory, breadline, farm and office was left, in the main, for our Marxist authors. But the heyday of the Hemingway and Kay Boyle books about people on the fringe passed. The bourgeois public turned away from them in the depression years, repudiating their brutal and neurotic affirmations for sweeter ones. Normal American scenes came back to the novel, mostly through shallow sagas out where the good earth turns. Bourgeois readers wanted something normal and positive, the genuine ticket.

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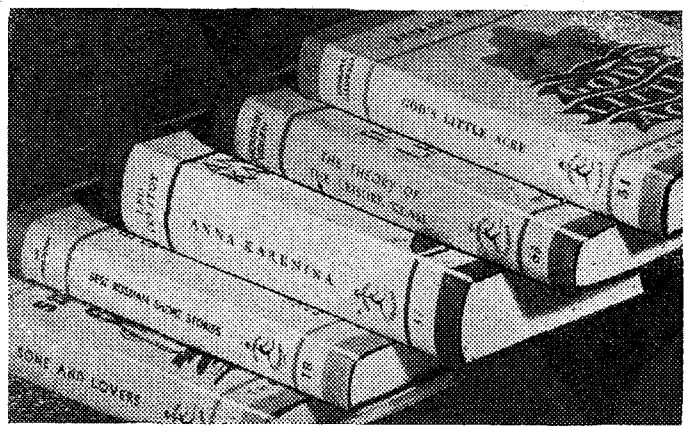

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The Modern Library will give prizes, as announced above, for the best list, *with reasons, received before April 15.* The judges will be Bennett Cerf, editor of The Modern Library and Joshua Kunitz, one of the editors of The New Masses. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

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Mann: The Magic Mountain
Lawrence: Sons and Lovers
Nietzsche: Thus Spake Zarathustra
O'Neill: Seven Plays of the Sea
Turgenev: Fathers and Sons
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Paul Horgan tries to superimpose the sweet affirmative upon some special people of the fringe who were formerly treated as hysterical, twisted characters: a great composer, an opera star, a leading actress, a precocious young poet, a novelist and others. His novel is a lengthy assertion of the greatness and richness of the bourgeois artistic spirit, which he contrasts with the debased values of the very wealthy and their cousins, the commercial graspers and panderers.

The ironical thing is that Horgan's heroic artists turn out shadowy and hollow, so that his affirmation of value comes to nothing. It is the composer's moneyed and selfish wife, and her busy crowd of sensual intriguers on smart ranches, who come out real and carry conviction. Out of their life of "Roman decline," as he calls it, Horgan creates fine Meredithian satire. But what about the artist heroes? After all, if positive values cannot be found among them, where can they be found in bourgeois society? This seems to be Horgan's implication. Almost from the testimony of his own work, the answer ought to be clear. Because of the disharmony operating between the artist and bourgeois society, he is reduced in value equally as a person in life and as a character for fiction. He is forced out to the furthest remove from the productive features of normal life. This disharmony stands as a condemnation of bourgeois society. The Marxist artist alone resolves this disharmony. He alone exchanges a hyper-personalized life for a significant one, in which he achieves authentic greatness because, and in proportion as, he achieves unity with the masses and their normal struggles. But since Paul Horgan can neither find value in the bourgeois crowd nor confer it romantically upon the all too special personalities of bourgeois artists, he is at a standstill. Despite his abundant literary gifts his ambitious book ends in the negative.

What with Hervey Allen, Caroline Miller and Gladys Hasty Carroll achieving fame as serious novelists, Faith Baldwin no doubt felt justified in trying to write her own serious saga of the generations. After all, if these writers could be hailed for lowering the level of American "literature," why couldn't Faith Baldwin be hailed too for coming up to that level? This is her grand effort, the story of a missionary to China and of his son, a country doctor—a finer set of empty shells you never saw on the beach. Yes, Faith Baldwin, you are right at that. Life does go on, with now and then a little hint of sexual modernity and pacifism to bring it up to date in the popular novels.

CHARLES B. HATCHARD.

Jacob Burck's America

HUNGER AND REVOLT, by Jacob Burck. The Daily Worker. $1.

WE were arguing the relative merits of bourgeois and revolutionary cartoonists. There was no question of content . . . we were all in agreement on that . . . but my friend was contending that Rollin Kirby was superior to Burck in draftsmanship and composition. I was amazed at his taking such a position because he himself is particularly strong in both of these qualities. I pointed out how Kirby virtually admitted his technical poverty by the frequency and extent to which he deserted drawing for lettering. But no use. We each stuck to our respective opinions. I decided to collect a month's work by each man and compare the two sets for my own satisfaction. I selected from each group the cartoons which I considered "good drawings," irrespective of content, trying insofar as it is possible, to be completely objective." I found an even greater margin of superiority for Burck than I had expected. He had over three times as many "good ones" as Kirby.

I cite this personal incident not merely to assert Burck's superiority to a Pulitzer-Prize-Winner bourgeois cartoonist—you don't have to be good to be better than Kirby—but to emphasize the point that Burck's cartoons are in the great tradition of satiric art.

Until the comparatively recent appreciation of Daumier's genius as evidenced in his hundreds of daily satiric drawings, there has been a snobbish attitude in this country on

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the part of "fine" artists toward caricature. When they didn't consider it beneath their notice they looked down on it as a "low" form of art. This derived in part from the nature of the class the gallery-artist served, and in large measure from the deplorably low standard of satiric drawing that has existed in this country until recent years. In Europe, notably in France and pre-Nazi Germany, the art of satiric drawing has had a long and rich development which created an honorable tradition and thus gave the form high critical standing. In the Soviet Union today men like the Kukriniks enjoy the prestige of truly great and honored artists, the foremost satirists in the Russian art world. Our own development in this respect has lagged behind that of Europe but within the last ten or fifteen years a great change has been taking place, and not the least has been the substantial development of American revolutionary caricature. Today even strongly anti-radical art critics have paid their admiration to the work of our revolutionary caricature. Today even strongly anti-radical art critics have paid their admiration to the work of our revolutionary cartoonists. Some of the high-hat galleries, and even a few museums, have decided that their stuff is "art."

Although the bourgeois critics have also recognized his outstanding ability, Burck's work needs no gallery-ballyhoo. It has far better and sounder justification. It has won its deservedly high place by supplying the day-to-day needs of the revolutionary working-class for a clear, fighting, and inspiring art.

Burck's cartoons are tremendously popular with both workers and intellectuals. They combine amazingly fertile imagery with keen political understanding, and a swell sense of humor. When Burck ridicules an oily-mouthed politician he "does him in." La Guardia, "The Purse-Snatcher" is not only pictured in his true role, cutting teachers' salaries in this case, but is made such a comic fat-boy sneak-thief that nobody can help laughing at him. And when Jacob Burck shows Roosevelt's ballyhoo, a gas balloon, holding up the plucked-crow-of-an-N.R.A. it gets a good hearty belly-laugh. You never saw a funnier and more bedraggled bird. And what he does to Morgan, shoving the other kids aside as he rolls his big dollar-hoop, helps our digestion and does Morgan's no good, I'm sure. Burck can also express the most profound tragedy. When, for example, he depicts the starved farmer, dead in his own wheat field, he gives us a powerful dramatization of the capitalist paradox of increasing mass starvation and misery in the midst of plenty. This is one of the finest of his many excellent drawings. His versatility is shown in numerous ways. Not only in the variety of imagery and mood, but also in the different kinds of compositions. He can either fill the whole space, or "spot" his design around, focus it in a single point, or balance it symmetrically or diagonally.

And any review of these drawings should consider the pressure and speed with which they have to be turned out. No time to study and revamp your idea—improving a weak corner here and a bad spot there—or to refine your drawing by successive changes. William Gropper, who knows at first hand the conditions under which the daily cartoonist must work, was surprised at the number and quality of these drawings. Having made a previous collection and selection of my own, I was not so surprised at the amount of "pay-dirt" they have yielded. And The Daily Worker should be congratulated for putting out a splendidly designed and printed job in this book.

Abler men than I have already given these cartoons the praise they deserve for the living record they make of our time. A series of brilliant forewords have been written for the sections, into which the book divides. But I want to take this opportunity to say a few words about Burck's cartoons and "the American scene," so much bandied about these last few years. A school of artists and critics, led by Benton and Craven, are whooping it up with increasing intensity for "American Art." "Interpret America . . . turn your back on all these damned furriners who would pollute our pure American soil. . . . See America first, last, and all the time, and see nothing else," they say in substance. And their exponent of "100 percentism" in art has given us his idea of the American scene in a series of murals in the Whitney Museum. When you examine them you find a chaotic agglomeration of unrelated, disorganized, St. Vitus-like aspects of American life. A prizefight, a dance hall, a revivalist preacher, etc., etc., all scrambled together with only one meaning . . . AMERICAN LIFE HAS NO MEANING. LOOK AT IT BUT DON'T TRY TO FIGURE IT OUT.

Well, Burck has given us the American scene also. But he has given us a very different one from that of the "100 percenters". He has shown that below the apparently chaotic, meaningless surface of the tabloid version of America there is meaning and sense. And he has not erected any chauvinistic wall around his America. He has shown us America in relation to the rest of the world, and so given us a more scientifically correct picture of it. He has not indulged in the obscurantist putting-on-of-blinders that characterizes the "100 percent" school. Burck's cartoons are as truly American as Ring Lardner's writing, or a World Series between the Giants and the White Sox, but they are more than that, too. They are a powerful force in remaking America.

STEPHEN ALEXANDER.

The Dance

THE New Dance League (formerly Workers' Dance League) celebrated International Theatre Week with a select program of group and solo dances to a sold-out house at the Center Theatre, February 17th. A review of this recital involves some consideration of various *approaches* to the revolutionary dance as a whole, as well as approaches to revolutionary content, experiments with revolutionary forms.

Of the three participating groups, the New Dance Group alone sought clarity through testing new elements. In "Van der Lubbe's Head" and "Time Is Money," the most successful experiments in the poem-dance, the literal sequence of the poem suggests the image-sequence of the dance. Tempo and voice projection are modified to suit the dynamic line of dance movement and there is a regular interchange of stress, with certain ideas sometimes completely understated, others specifically defined. This medium tends towards dreary tableau-making unless used imaginatively—with a realization that the dance form must be integral and never reliant on verbal structure for continuity.

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The group dance "Charity" which received an ovation, combines burlesque and pantomime to a degree where the actual dance elements are subordinated to pure theatre. Such broad, almost slapstick satire might easily become too, too funny. The group seemed to be directing itself to that questionable extreme.

Any one section of the Dance Unit's "Anti-War Cycle" is far superior to its newer work, "Forces in Opposition." So long as the ideas the Unit wishes to convey are successfully encompassed within a set form, there can be no complaint. But there is an inadequacy in "Forces in Opposition." With an abstract title, and the performance itself possible of a number of associations, the Unit is forced to rely on program notes for sociological interpretation, notes that are not too clear. Obviously some adjustment is essential.

It is interesting to note that Tamiris' Group, appearing with the other dancers for the first time, fits smoothly into their program. "Conflict" and "Work and Play," its two numbers, have not been improved by changes made for this performance; there was a definite attempt to play down to the audience. Perhaps these dancers were uncertain of their audience. Nevertheless such a tone has no place on a revolutionary program.

The soloists were represented by one dance each. "Black and White," a duet by Irving Lansky and Add Bates, "Parasite," by Nadia Chilkovsky, and "Time Is Money" by Jane Dudley, are all experimental. Nadia Chilkovsky, working within a form which she calls the "poster dance," creates her title figure through representing, in ironic but literal movement, duplicity and gluttony. Jane Dudley creates not one but a series of figures, impinged on one another; out of these mosaics of movement a gratifying whole is evolved. These experimental dances seem a little thin. Save in the case of Jane Dudley, choreographic ingenuity still waits to be attained.

Untroubled by experimentation, the remaining solo dances emerge as stronger unities. "The Woman," by Miriam Blecher, definitely proves that within the revolutionary dance movement there is a place for sustained lyricism, that it can be unsentimental and meaningful. Delight in sheer movement, however, must not be allowed to dissipate the revolutionary overtones of the dance. This tendency seemed present last Sunday.

Penetrating sense of the ridiculous, and charming control of witty movement which characterize Anna Sokolow in "Histrionics," places on her a specific responsibility of creating satiric dances more relevant to the social scene. She may say, and we know it to be true, that her talent has other facets, but the need for astute satiric annotation in the revolutionary dance field makes her unique gift doubly welcome. Talent of that caliber must be constantly encouraged, else an entire field of dance lies wasted.

It is good to find on the same program Lily Mehlman's turbulent "Defiance," and Sophie Maslow's equally powerful but much more restrained performance in "Themes from a Slavic People."

There is so much to be danced about within the compass of the revolutionary movement that the New Dance League is fortunate in having dancers with these distinct, original approaches. At this time, however, it seems more important to encourage fresh material to come forward, not only through new adherents but through increased activity on the part of those already in the League. They cannot afford to rest on past laurels; the slightest indication of inactivity amounts to dangerous back-sliding.

EDNA OCKO.

Music

AT the first concert of the Composers Collective (Sun. Jan. 27) held at the John Reed Club, the hall was packed to the doors. For the first time in American musical history, a concert audience experienced the palpable fact of a revolutionary content in music, a content that was infinitely rich, complex and varied. Commanding musical materials and resources inferior to none of their bourgeois colleagues, the composers of the Collective demonstrated a startling truth to the latter—that vitality and direction in music grow out of a clear revolutionary world view. The momentously relevant content emphasized the world of difference between a bourgeois "radical" composer and a Carl Sands. Significantly, composition after composition on the Collective's program aroused the huge audience to cheers. Yet, so high was the artistic standard, that there were shiningly outstanding works. For example, Elie Siegmeister's *Strange Funeral in Braddock,* having withstood the test of a number of repetitions, was still a moving, vivid experience. Especially splendid was Mordecai Baumann's rendition of the solo voice part. Herbert Howe's songs for solo voice with piano accompaniment and clarinet obligato, revealed exceptional talent — especially the magnificent *Goodbye Jesus,* a work as characteristically indigenous as has ever been heard in this country. The appearance of Andre Cibulski, the soloist, who had not been announced on the program, was a gratifying event, for his rendition of these songs will not soon be forgotten. George Maynard's excellent *John Reed, Our Captain,* for chorus, was distinguished by its mature and finely sustained intensity.

Workers' Rounds are becoming increasingly popular. Rounds by Siegmeister and Carl Sands received ovations. Sands' "Oh Joy upon the earth, to live and see the day when Rockefeller Senior shall come up to me and say, 'Comrade, can you spare a dime?' " a remarkably succinct and humorous take-off on English madrigal style, had to be repeated, with the audience participating in the singing. Sands' mass song *We are the Builders* remains one of the best works in its field. The *Flying Squadron* and *Picket Line* by Earl Robinson, were as effective as ever, though their conventional character was too noticeable in comparison with the rest of the program. The *Thaelmann Freedom Song* by John Lewis and *United Front* by J. Fairbanks were real contributions to our mass song literature.

Siegmeister's choral arrangement of *Sistern and Brethern,* a stirring Negro song of protest, one of a collection by Lawrence Gellert, was impressive; likewise J. C. Richards' arrangement of a *Red Mongolian Song.*

The vocal works suffered notably from bad texts; the words in most cases were shoddy, and only by a stretch of courtesy were they an equivalent to the music. The instrumental works, on the other hand, left much to be desired. Howe's *Four Moods* for string quartet, alone achieved a large measure of success; sharply outlined musical these were handled in a pithy, brisk manner, developed briefly, and by means of their own logic, were brought to an end on their own special climaxes. The Quartet of Herman Chaloff did not seem to deviate from the usual path of "radical" bourgeois composers. The same may be said of his piano pieces, which do not achieve more than technical interest. Norman Gazden's short satirical pieces, written for the dance, are necessarily limited; epigramatic, their satire is boldly presented in rhythmic figures. The general criticism above, holds for Siegmeister's *Piano Variations,* an early work.

"Art must have its deepest roots in the broad masses of the workers," Lenin said. "It must be understood and loved by them. It must awaken and develop the artist in them. It must unite their feelings, thoughts and wills." The works of these eleven composers represented the first, or pioneering phase of such an art.

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The Theatre

Awake and Sing!

THIS new play by Clifford Odets *Awake and Sing!* (Belasco Theatre) written two years before *Waiting for Lefty,* is worth seeing.

It is worth seeing because Odets is one of the new revolutionary voices which are being heard more and more in the theatre; because he has something invigorating to say; because he says it in a fresh way; because it is competently produced by The Group Theatre; because Luther Adler's performance is the best of the season so far; and finally, because the others in the play, notably Morris Carnovsky and Sanford Meisner, do a good job.

Awake and Sing! is worth your time and your money despite the fact that it has more faults than many a poorer play.

It concerns the Berger family. It is one of those Jewish-neurotic-lower-middle-class Bronx families which is meat and drink to any playwright who wants to show how poverty disrupts family bonds, twists humans into inhumans, oppresses and destroys whatever warmth and love might flow from one to the other.

There is Jacob, grandfather of them all, who has never advanced beyond the rebellious word and whose strength is wasted in self-pity. There is Bessie Berger, stunted and frustrated by the lack of money, who is middle-class decay incarnate, capable of destroying her son and daughter because of her devotion to bourgeois morality. There are Hennie and Ralph Berger, her children, twisted with the misery of their mother's tyranny. The rest of the family tree consists of a Jewish Gold Eagle Guy Uncle Morty, and two Jewish Casper Milquetoasts, Myron Berger, Bessie's husband, who has been squeezed dry by failure and the domination of his wife, and Sam Feinschreiber, the duped son-in-law.

The types are all there. (I wasn't being facetious when I gave them names.) And therein lies the first fault. For though they are well drawn I can't help feeling that they are no more than characters in a play, well documented and well observed puppets. The stamp of their type is on them when you first see them and with one exception they remain where they are. Nothing is advanced through them, and they themselves neither grow nor diminish. They remind me of etchings whose every shade and line you can catch with the first superficial glance.

The connection between less than fully realized characters and the ideological flaw in the play can be seen by looking at the one exception. He is Ralph Berger, who takes the rebellious word from his grandfather and who, it is intimated, will carry it forth in action. Unfortunately, this development arises out of some mystical unity between the two and not also, as it should in a revolutionary play, out of an understanding of the social forces which have made the Bergers a cursed family.

If in *Awake and Sing!* the characters aren't burlesqued, then to the director, Harold Clurman, must go the credit. Yet he hasn't helped the play any by starting it off on a pitch and at a tempo which gave it an unreal and brittle feverishness so that the reality that was in the play had a hard time breaking through.

But even here the playwright is the chief offender. Odets' dialogue, while frequently pointed, fresh and convincing, can be, at times, of a high order of unreality. I don't mean that even at these times it is entirely unrelated to either situation or character, or that it isn't flowing with juicy images. But the hand of the author too frequently turns a phrase here and there or juxtaposes images in a self-conscious effort to be smart or cynical or brilliant. Too often for the health of the play a situation is created out of nothing in order to get across a wise-crack or a laugh. This all makes for an entertaining evening but when a play is studded with extraneous matter, when an audience is more interested in the next laugh-line than in what the play is saying, when an audience disinterested in its social message gets the impression that it is a play of gag lines, gag characters and no more, then truly this is a serious fault for a revolutionary play.

In *Waiting for Lefty* some of the same fault shines through but the stress is the other way around and the response which that play evokes is important enough in itself to compensate. *Awake and Sing!* is not a *Waiting for Lefty*. But as was stated, it was written two years before.

Clifford Odets has great talent, in my opinion. He has a sure theatrical sense and he is growing into as sure a revolutionary understanding. The elements which keep *Awake and Sing!* from being a better play are eradicable. The full power of Odets' dialogue will be forthcoming when it is harnessed and disciplined. And his enriched revolutionary knowledge will force him to keep the stress where it belongs and add fullness to his characters.

Awake and Sing! is only part of what it might have been, but even then it is superior to most of the plays shown in its vicinity.

MICHAEL BLANKFORT.

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The Soviet Film

THE Soviet film industry continues to celebrate its fifteenth anniversary. This celebration has achieved the proportions of a national event with the daily papers (Pravda, Izvestia and the Moscow Daily News) devoting entire issues to the events. The workers of the industry and the people of the Soviet Union have good reason to be proud. Not only has the Russian film achieved Lenin's wish that "among the instruments of art and education, the cinema can and must have the greatest significance," but it has won for itself an *international* reputation, even in the most hostile capitalist countries, as a truly great art.

This place of honor has not been easy to gain. The October Revolution found the czarist film industry in a highly degenerate condition. There were, in all, four producing companies—Hanikov, Yermoliev, Russian Film, Kharitonov, with a combined total capital of six million dollars. Their films were the worst imitations of the worst French productions of the pre-war period. The czar considered the cinema "empty, useless . . . and not to be encouraged"; yet when the World War broke out the famous "Skobilev Committee" was urgently organized for the sole purpose of turning out war propaganda. Most of the production was carried out in Moscow. There were studios in Petrograd, Yalta, Odessa and Kiev.

Convinced of the cinema's importance as a means of powerful mass education, the Soviet leaders as early as 1918 encouraged immediate production. There was no central control; the task of production was assumed by various committees. The very first film to be made, *The Bond* (1918), was produced under the auspices of the Cinematographic Committee and based on a scenario by Lunarcharsky, Commissar of Education, one which stressed the need of allying the intellectuals with the proletariat. The technical conditions under which it was made were nothing less than deplorable. There were three directors! The other films that followed were more or less documentary; some were dramatic attempts recreated out of the revolutionary experience of the people: *The Victory of May* (1919), *For the Service of the People* (1921), *The Congress of the People of the Orient* (1920).

Organizational Period (1919-1924). The Soviet film industry was nationalized and placed under the control of the Commissariat of Education on Aug. 27, 1919. The films of this period were primarily agitational, dealing with the immediate problems of the famine, the Polish War, the Civil War. It was during this period that Vertov and Tisse (until recently Eisenstein's cameraman) received their training.

With the inauguration of the New Economic Policy (NEP) the industry was for the first time industrialized. It was at this time that the Soviet Union imported a number of foreign films (owing to the shortage and poor quality of the Soviet films): *Dr. Caligari,* Lubitsch's *Anne Boleyn,* Fritz Lang's *Dr. Mabuse, The Golem* and others. And in the later part of 1922 the Soviet cinema was finally consolidated into a state trust in order to free itself from the influence of the foreign bourgeois products and to stimulate its growth. The initial product of this reorganization was *Polikushka,* from a short story by Leo Tolstoy. It was directed by A. Sanine and the scenario was prepared by Efros and Otzep.[1]

The Poetic Epic (1924-29). Kuleshov and his student group of directors worked out the preliminary experiments in editing (*montage*) based on the experiments of D. W. Griffith and the psychological theories of Pavlov. Advancing these experiments Eisenstein in 1925 completed *Strike* and in 1926 finished *Potemkin,* the first Soviet film to achieve world-wide recognition. The same year V. I. Pudovkin released Russia's first great dramatic film, *Mother.* From then on the achievements of the Soviet film are well known.

The art grew along with the tremendous economic, political and cultural development. We began to hear from the nationals. One recalls the beautifully lyric work of Dovjenko: *Zvenigoria, Arsenal, Soil,* produced by the Ukranian film trust. The peoples of the Crimea, the North Caucasus, the Volga region, the Far North, Siberia and the Far East represented by Vostokino studio, which gave us one of the most extraordinary documentary films in Victor Turin's *Turksib;* the film record of the construction of the Turkestan-Siberian railroad.

Sound or the "Prosaic" Period (1930-34). Then came a period which was "characterized by decisive abandonment of all elements of cinematic expressiveness peculiar to the first. Although in part caused by incomplete mastery of sound technique, it was essentially a result of different orientation. The 'prosaic' period has brought to the fore a demand for deeper penetration into the inner problems of the individual, psychoanalytical treatment of the human material, and an integral plot, strictly confined to its story, and with greater cohesion of its component elements."[2] This came as a result of the Communist Party conference in 1928 when there was a demand by the masses for more films of better quality and an abandonment of the formalism and the petty bourgeois tendencies of a great many of the directors. This period was climaxed in 1932 by the successful *Road to Life.* Its director, N. Ekk, who had come from the theatre, handled his human material with such skill and conviction that his orthodox use of sound was overlooked.

Road to Life was followed by encouraging but not entirely successful films made by new and unknown directors, most of them very young men and women: *The Soil is Thirsty, Alone,* and Macharet's *Men and Jobs.* And then Yutkevitch's *Golden Mountains* (with a score by Shostakovitch) and *Shame,* made in collaboration with F. Ermler, once more set a high artistic standard for the Soviet film.

This period is also notable for Dovjenko's first sound film, *Ivan,* and the new work of Boris Barnet, Soviet's slapstick director: *Patriots* (originally called *Suburbia*). The peak was reached with the grand documentary film, *Three Songs About Lenin* (Vertov) and finally *Chapayev.*

Prospect. In 1935 the Soviet cinema enters its fourth period. The development of the Soviet film has been a dialectic process: it drew its strength from the Communism it

[1] Otzep later became the director of *The Yellow Pass* and then went to Germany. There he made the *Living Corpse* for the Workers International Relief film unit. He remained abroad and has since made *Der Mörder Dimitri Karamazov, Mirage de Paris* and has just completed *Amok* from the novelette by Arnold Zweig.

[2] "The New Cinema," by S. Eisenstein in *New Theatre,* January, 1935.

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has so forcefully helped to advance. It has educated the workers and peasants and raised their cultural standards. And as this ever-growing audience multiplies, its demands upon the film become greater and more varied. The films to be shown at the International Exhibition of Cinematography to be held the end of this month in Moscow are indicative of the various tastes and cinema needs of the Russian people.

Koznitzev and Trauberg, (members of the so-called school of *Eccentricism*) who will be remembered for their powerful film on the Paris Commune, *The New Babylon* (1929) have just completed their first sound film, *The Youth of Maxim.* Dovjenko is doing a cine-poem of the peoples of Siberia in *Air City.* Ermler has finished a film on collectivization called the *Peasants.* Machert, the young man who did the delightful comedy, *Men and Jobs* (1932), has completed his second film which concerns itself with the lives and habits of young Communists. (*The Private Life of Peter Vinogradov.*) The Soviet Union has developed its own color process (as it did with sound) and N. Ekk (*Road to Life*) has done the first film in this medium: *Nightingale, Little Nightingale.* Also, the world's first full length animated film represented by *The New Gulliver,* based on Swift's satire from a scenario by Roshal, the director of *Petersburg Nights* will be released during 1935.

In the words of Pudovkin the present celebration is not merely an occasion to be formally observed, but it is a joyful event when "we creators can really make our art the most important of all arts." And in the words of Dovjenko: "we are immeasurably rich in our revolutionary past, in our revolutionary present, and our revolutionary future."

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Between Ourselves

ORRICK JOHNS, associate editor of THE NEW MASSES, will be chairman of the March 8 meeting of the Literary Trades Section of the Office Workers Union. Angel Flores, critic of foreign literature for The Herald Tribune, will lecture on "Literature in Fascist Germany." Meeting begins 8 p. m., at the Greenwich House, 29 Barrow Street, New York City.

The Artists Union, which in one year has grown from a dozen to nine hundred active members, is holding two exhibitions: paintings, from Feb. 25 to March 7; sculpture and housing, from March 8 to 21; at the Union's headquarters, 60 West 15th Street.

Edwin Seaver, whose communication on *Call It Sleep* appears on page 21, is the author of *The Company,* a novel, and editor of Soviet Russia Today.

John Strachey sends us his article on Gov. Olson from Minneapolis, one of his stops during the course of his nation-wide lecture tour. Strachey's new book, *The Nature of the Capitalist Crisis,* has just been issued by Covici-Friede, publishers of his *The Coming Struggle for Power.*

Robert Gessner will speak on March 8, 8:30 p. m., at the John Reed Club (430 Sixth Avenue, New York) on "What the Proposed American Writers Congress Can Learn from the Recent Soviet Congress." Gessner was a delegate to the All-Union Congress of Soviet Writers held in Moscow last fall.

Readers can tune in on the broadcasts from the Moscow Radio Center, on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 2 p. m., New York time. Broadcasts are made simultaneously on wave-lengths of 1764 and 50 meters. The programs are in English:

March 1—Discussion: "Should Women Work in Industry?"

March 3—"Changes in Our Countryside," "Miners in the U.S.S.R."; "The Fight Against Venereal Disease and Prostitution"; "Review of the Week"; "Questions and Answers."

March 4—"From Creche to University"—fifth discussion; the Young Pioneer Organization.

March 6—Discussion: "Should Women Work in Industry?" and "History of the Russian Revolutionary Movement."

March 8—Half-hour celebration of International Women's Day; Broadcast by Women Workers and Housewives.

March 10—"A Giant Meat Combinat in Moscow"; "A Foreign Bus-Driver in Moscow"; "Workers' Conditions: Seamen"; "Review of the Week"; "Questions & Answers."

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POTEMKIN . . . . (Eisenstein)
DESERTER . . . . (Pudovkin)

3 P. M.-6:30 P. M.
STORM OVER ASIA . . (Pudovkin)
DAY IN MOSCOW . . . (short)
UNLUCKY TRUCK . . . (cartoon)

6:30 P. M.-11:30 P. M.
END OF ST. PETERSBURG (Pudovkin)
OLD AND NEW . . . (Eisenstein)

SAT. MARCH 2

10 A. M.-3 P. M.
ROAD TO LIFE . . . . (Ekk)
MOROZKO . . . . . (short)
NEWSREEL

3 P. M.-6:30 P. M.
IVAN THE TERRIBLE . . (Tarich)
DORVOZ . . . . . (short)

6:30 P. M.-11:30 P. M.
MOTHER . . . . (Pudovkin)
THREE SONGS ABOUT LENIN (Vertov)

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